

LEGION

MAGAZINE

SEPT. 1951

OUR NEW PRIVILEGED CLASS

(The commies and those who play their game)

By EUGENE LYONS





The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



Schlitz tastes so good...
it's first in sales in America.

...and more and more people are
changing to Schlitz every day.

We think you'll like Schlitz best, too.

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—and there is a powerful difference, too,
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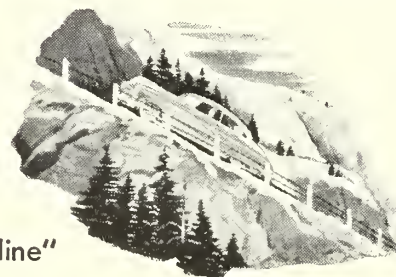
TRADE-MARK



When you feel the difference

... you'll be glad you said,

"Fill 'er up with 'Ethyl' gasoline"



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N.Y.*

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50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you **FEEL** the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.



SEE the difference
in your hair!

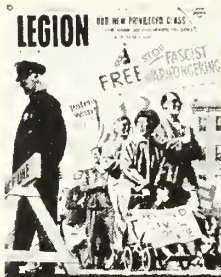
Then 10 seconds to comb and you **SEE** the difference in your hair—far handsomer, healthier-looking, neatly groomed. Ask your barber. Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug counter today.

Use
Vitalis
and the
"60-Second
Workout"

A Product of Bristol-Myers



VOL. 51 No. 3



The rather seedy-looking parade of disgruntled characters on this month's cover is the May Day red hoopla in New York City.

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LEGION MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN

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Manuscripts, artwork, cartoons submitted for consideration will not be returned unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included.

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IT'S HERE!

IT'S NEW!

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\$50,000 2nd Prize — \$25,000 3rd Prize
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8th Prize	\$1,000.00
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201st through 500th Prizes, each \$50	\$15,000.00
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HERE! before your eyes, and in your hands, while you are reading these very words, is YOUR opportunity TO WIN A CASH FORTUNE OF \$125,000.00!

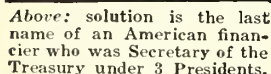
Look at the SAMPLE PUZZLE printed at the right! Look at the OTHER puzzles on this page! These puzzles, and other puzzles like them, point your way to fortune! We, one of the world's great publishing organizations, GUARANTEE \$125,000.00 to the winner of 1st Prize; \$50,000.00 to the winner of 2nd Prize; \$25,000.00 to the winner of 3rd Prize. AND WE WILL PAY 997 OTHER CASH PRIZES! See the complete list at the left! And—best of all—IT COSTS YOU ONLY POCKET CHANGE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST!

CLUE: The solution is: The last name of an American Patriot who said "Give me liberty or give me death".



Note there are a SHOE, a TANK, and some letters of the alphabet. There are also plus (+) and minus (−) signs, which mean that you add and subtract. First, you write down SHOE. Then you *subtract* SO, leaving HE. Next, you *add* TANK, which gives you HETANK. Next, you *subtract* TAK, leaving HEN. Next, you *add* RY, which gives you HENRY, the correct solution.

**Here Are 2 Actual
Puzzles in This Contest**



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It will only cost you a postage stamp to mail the coupon in the lower right corner of this page. This coupon will bring you, FREE, the Entry Form, the 1st Series of puzzles, the Official Rules, EVERYTHING YOU NEED in order to ENTER THIS CONTEST.

SAMPLE PUZZLE Is Typical

The **SAMPLE PUZZLE** (printed on the right side of this page) is typical of the kind of puzzles on which this contest is based. Read the explanation below the **SAMPLE PUZZLE**. Follow that explanation, step by step. Then, when you are thoroughly familiar with how the **SAMPLE PUZZLE** is solved, try your hand at the other puzzles on this page. **THEY ARE SOME OF**

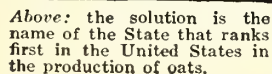
THE ACTUAL puzzles we have included in this contest. They will give you an idea of the type of puzzles you can expect.

1000 PRIZES FOR PUZZLE FANS

When you mail the coupon from this page and receive the Entry Form, Rules, 1st Series of puzzles and full details of this contest you'll be shown that *each puzzle in this contest has a definite point value*, that there is *only one* correct solution for each puzzle, that the prizes will be won by *actual point scores*, that each contestant has a *private file*, and that each puzzle has a clue which enables you to *prove the correctness* of its solution! You'll find here, at last, the kind of contest you have always wanted.

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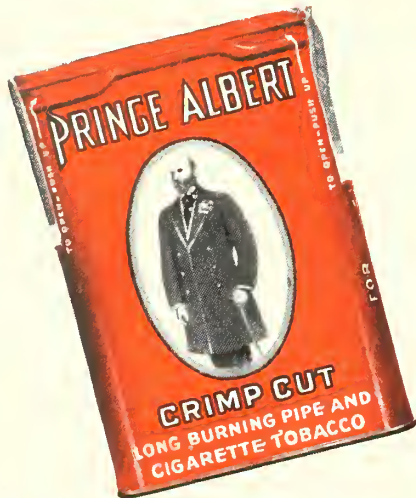
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CITY.....STATE.....

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Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

GOUGING

Sir: I just left Fort Knox, Kentucky, where \$75 to \$125 might get you a bedroom and kitchen. Here at Camp Rucker, Alabama, we find the same thing. Since 1944, I have been a member of The American Legion and also Post Commander of the Frank E. Curry Post #28 at Harvey, North Dakota. We always squawk about doing something for the boys. Now here is our chance. We have worked with cities, towns and communities. Now let's get them to work with us for a change. *Lower rent prices* so the boys can keep their families with them for a while.

Lt. Thomas L. Cobb
Camp Rucker, Alabama

demagoguery, and chauvinism. He offers nothing constructive; he tries to destroy the faith of our fighting men and our citizens in our government and in the United Nations. I believe in the United Nations; I also believe that it should be made an instrument of effective World Government. Therefore, according to Commander Cocke I am a befuddled thinker and perhaps a traitor. I resent these implications and I also resent the implication that President Truman, Secretary Marshall, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff are befuddled thinkers and traitors.

Prof. Gilbert R. Dale
Adams State College
Alamosa, Colorado

IN THE SAME BOAT



CAROL

Sir: Myra West said, "No one can be so helpful to a lame person as another lame person, and the help seems always to be mutual." (Sound Off, Jan. 1949).

Handicapped vets may feel that no active girl would be interested in writing to them. Well, I am lame, which puts us in the same boat or predicament. So let's correspond. Send me your address and I'll show you I'm interested. Perhaps we can talk about our operations — or somethin'.

Carol Maxwell
500 West 9th Street
Chattanooga, Tennessee

TOO SUBTLE?

Sir: Just got around to reading *Who Is Letting Our GIs Down?* by National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., in the May issue. I'm glad to see him point out that besides the obvious foreign enemies of our country, there are even more dangerous enemies within our own government. But Mr. Cocke is a little too subtle, I'm afraid. I hope Legionnaires will recognize those whom he hints, with his references to pastel mink coats, Phi Beta Kappa keys and deference to the British Foreign Office. I would prefer to see him name names.

William S. Churchill
Washington, D. C.

AS A PROFESSOR SEES IT

Sir: I disagree with practically everything that Commander Cocke says in his article *Who Is Letting Our GIs Down?* He indulges in the cheapest kind of name calling,

AS A GI IN KOREA SEES IT

Sir: I've just read the National Commander's article in the May issue. It has come closer to striking the truth than anything I've read, heard or seen although the real feelings of the boys here just can't be described or put into words. We are the only group that seems to be doing a job.

Name withheld
APO 201

TAPS AT ELEVEN

Sir: To me, a most fitting memorial to all deceased veterans of all wars, would be the installation of sound equipment, in all Posts of The American Legion, with the recording of "Taps" being played at 11 o'clock every evening. Thus all would, I believe, stop and listen and soberly realize what sacrifices our boys on all fronts, past and present, have made and are making, to make our lives free and happy and independent.

Carlton Gibson
Indianapolis

▼ In a great many Posts this is done.

Editors



SAFETY LESSON

Sir: Apropos of your article in the June issue of our magazine under the title, *Two, Killed, Two Injured*, may I repeat the saying of a famous driver (perhaps it was Barney Oldfield), who said: "When you are driving, you are really driving four machines, the machine you are in, the machine ahead of you, the machine behind you and the machine that is coming toward you. Any of these machines may involve

you in an accident." It has been some time since I read that statement or heard it on the air and I have never forgotten it. Perhaps if it were memorized by every person driving a car, there would be fewer accidents, fewer disfigured persons and fewer heartaches in this old world of ours.

Mrs. W. J. Doyle
Philadelphia

CONCERNING TIRE DEALERS

Sir: Your July issue included an article by Clarence Woodbury on hoarding. We are quite sympathetic with the theme of the article but we sincerely believe that it has placed the independent tire dealer as a class in a very bad light. On the whole tires are still very scarce and a stock of 40,000 tires is out of the question. This would mean a million-dollar inventory as well as a violation of government controls by a so-called small dealer. One major company says that 95 percent of their dealers buy less than \$34,000 per year. Forty thousand tires would be one-fiftieth of the total tire manufacturers' inventory. One tire maker even reported dealers turning tires back to them for re-distribution. We think the average independent is a mighty patriotic fellow.

W. W. Marsh
National Association of
Independent Tire Dealers Inc.
Washington, D. C.



COMMENDATION

Sir: The New York State Department of The American Legion should feel proud of The American Legion Tupper Lake Mountain Camp located in the Adirondack Mountains. The other States should copy this example for convalescing veterans. We got the best of food, plenty of fishing, swimming, boating, and so on. It would take at least a thousand words to describe everything there. I again thank the New York State Department for this paradise in the north woods. It's out of this world. It would have cost at least \$150 exclusive of carfare for my stay at another camp.

Henry F. Diehl
Hollis, New York

HOW COME, DOCTOR?

Sir: Can you give me the academic qualifications of Owen Lattimore? According to *Who's Who*, he attended a place called St. Bees, England, but his academic background from that point on is hazy. Specifically, how does he rate a doctorate and the title of professor? I've heard it said (and not by Senator McCarthy) that much of his knowledge of rare tribes was garnered while he was a traveling salesman in the Far East. In the course of his travels he may have received an honorary degree from some Inner, Upper, or Sideways Mongolian Temple of Higher Education. But the point is, don't Ivy Colleges check on such

things? Other reputable colleges, even schools of the dance and of dress designing, seem jealous of the academic standing of their professors. Could you enlighten me on what happened to the "Doe" academically, after he departed the ivy covered walls of good old St. Bees?

Mrs. Kathryn H. Boyd
Carle Place, New York

▼ On June 1st a letter was sent to Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, President of Johns Hopkins University, asking if he would clarify the academic status of Lattimore to the satisfaction of Mrs. Boyd. However, as of more than a month later, Dr. Bronk hadn't replied. We are therefore still in the dark as to what kind of doctor Owen Lattimore is.

Editors

"YOU AND YOUR ILK"

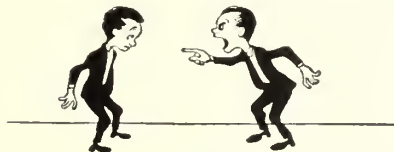
Sir: I have read a lot of disgusting articles in your magazine but *The Professors And The Press* in the issue of July was certainly the worst. The work of the Commission on Freedom of the Press—so horribly misrepresented in Rascoc's prized piece of ignorance—will stand as a monumental series on the Press's freedom long after Hughes' "Prejudice and the Press" has rotted in the garbage can. You and your ilk aren't fit to wipe the Commission's boots.

Lorrain Lehan
West Hartford, Connecticut

THE NASTY TRUTH

Sir: I'm simply incredulous at the audacity of a few letters you've received from self-styled "intellectuals" (?) who bemoan and berate you for exposing the nasty truth about their commie pals. Why, they even threaten to discontinue getting your magazine though I imagine you'll survive that shock somehow. Just keep printing your enlightening articles on the treachery of the slimy Reds. My sole regret is that there aren't more magazines forward and courageous enough to aid in exposing this danger to America.

Mrs. Anne Plucinsky
Passaic, New Jersey



ERROR

Sir: In your article in the June issue telling about Miami as the National Convention City, it states the location of Dinner Key wrong—a grave injustice! It is only four miles southwest of the Court House. It is only three miles from Dade County's beautiful new Auditorium.

C. B. Selden
Miami, Florida

ERROR #2

Sir: In your article about Miami, your magazine states that the toll over the Rickenbacker Causeway to Crandon Park is fifty cents. That toll charge over the Causeway has been twenty-five cents for over a year.

Mrs. Olga Hahn
Miami, Florida

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40¢ or more a quart for
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THE CALL FOR PROGRESS

The responsibility of the Bell System does not consist of merely supplying good telephone service today. We have to be always creating so that the service grows better and better.

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The pre-eminence of telephone research and manufacturing reflects a dynamic policy and point of view throughout the business. The people needed to come up with new ideas and put them into action are constantly being encouraged and given opportunity.

We shall continue to meet the challenge of the future and do our full part, always, to advance the welfare, the strength and the security of the United States of America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE Editor's Corner

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED JAILBIRD

Word comes that Alger Hiss, once gainfully employed by our State Department and the Carnegie Foundation, has been promoted to storeroom clerk at the Lewisburg, Pa., Federal Prison. News of Alger's advance should please mightily some of his erstwhile associates and well-wishers. Incidentally, we want to take this opportunity to report a nasty rumor. Certain uncouth persons have been going around saying that several Washington big-shots have swung their office furniture around to face the north, the direction of the Lewisburg hoosegow. They still can't bear to turn their backs on Alger-boy.



HITTING THE HEADLINES

Magazines are constantly trying to come up with articles that will be headline news when the publication reaches its readers. When things work out so that a magazine is giving its readers the inside story of a major event while it's on page one of the newspapers, you can chalk it up to one of two reasons. (a) It was carefully planned, or (b) it was dumb luck. It is probably revealing no trade secret to tell you that usually dumb luck is the cause.

For instance, you may recall the story *The Prisoner*, in our July issue. This told how a Nazi officer had been locked up in a hole under a stable by a vengeful Frenchman, and kept there for years. Just as the first copies of that issue were reaching Legionnaires a strange story broke on page one of the newspapers and was discussed at length on news broadcasts. It was the account of a German soldier who had been trapped for six years below ground in Warsaw. With five others he had been imprisoned in a bunker when the entrance to it was blown up in 1945. Heavily bearded, blind and incoherent, the German bore a striking resemblance to the fellow described in *The Prisoner*. However, we had nothing to do with it.

RAH! RAH! HARVARD!

Several weeks ago we received a letter from *The Harvard Crimson*, an undergraduate paper put out by inmates of the well known university. The letter informed us that "The *Crimson* is preparing a survey on the infiltration of communists into our nation's colleges," and asked that we tell them what The American Legion was doing to control subversives. They wanted

particularly to receive "any material you have on the various moves to curb communists on our nation's campuses."

Not caring to take the *Crimson* into our confidence we sent no material to Cambridge. Our doubts were justified when the results of the *Crimson* study were announced. Seems the boys learned that there had been "at least 35 incidents involving academic freedom" on American college campuses and in American school systems last year. The Harvards, terribly worked up over this, thundered against the people "who pound on their little tin loyalty oaths and ban speakers and discharge professors because they are not quite sure what side the danger is coming from."

We hope the *Crimson* boys are better at their formal studies than they are as make-believe gentlemen of the press. To show you what we mean, read Eugene Lyons' *Our New Privileged Class* on page 11 which makes the Harvards look a bit ingenuous. And in passing it occurs to us that Harvard helped to educate Alger Hiss, Lee Pressman, Nathan Abt, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., Owen Lattimore, Rev. John Howard Melish, Richard Lauterbach, etc., etc., etc.

NEW WORDS FOR IT

Yellow Traveler—A fellow who should be fighting communism and insists that he is against communism, but who somehow isn't around when the going gets rough.

Character Suicide—The pinko or punko who has made a career of joining up with communist fronts. When this becomes embarrassing to the point where he loses money or develops social B.O. he screams he's a victim of "character assassination."



ROUGH ON CORRESPONDENTS

On page 16 you will find an article entitled *Report from Korea*. Better stories about the Korean fighting may have been written but we haven't seen them. Yet the author, T/Sgt. James C. Jones, Jr., felt the piece was pretty inadequate. That, however, may have been because of other matters on his mind. In his letter accompanying the manuscript he said: "I considered that writing the story was something of a challenge, and had planned to hide away in the division press tent for several days and knock out something that would have made the grade. But the war got hot, one of my young and eager correspondents in the section got knocked over with a rifle grenade, and I had to fill in for him at his battalion. Also, one of the photographers took a blast from an 82-mm. mortar, picked up about 25 frags and a bullet wound, and he had to be replaced. With all the action, I had to be all over the division insuring that the correspondents were alive and that knocked the tar out of my time."

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with Dependable

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Spark Plugs!

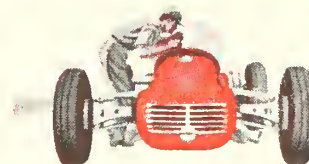


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FREE Illustrated catalog showing Kentucky Club Dividend pipes, etc.

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Wheeling, West Virginia

Please send—free—Kentucky Club Catalog.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



PRODUCTS PARADE

A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

Non-Skid Coat Hooks

The familiar metal coat hook has been given a new dress to make it hold clothing more securely. By means of a coating of Vinylite the hooks hold hats and coats so they can't slip, and the non-skid coating also keeps the hooks from rusting. Selling at three for a quarter, the plastic-coated hooks are made by The Washburn Co., Worcester 8, Mass.



To Keep Fish and Game

Sportsmen will be interested in a new product which keeps fish and game fresh even in hot weather without ice or refrigeration. Called Noe-Ice, it consists of a package of tablets, said to be enough for an average season's use, and a handy spray bottle. To use, a tablet is dissolved in water and sprayed on the fish or meat. According to the manufacturer, it preserves natural freshness and the spray eliminates disagreeable odors. The cost of the Noe-Ice Sportsman Kit is \$2.00, available at hardware and sporting goods stores.

Dentifrice in Tablet Form

A tooth cleanser in tablet form, the idea for which originated with a Navy dentist in the Pacific in WW2, is now being made and marketed by Legionnaire Gerald S. Black. Called Evidents, the tablets contain the ammoniation to fight decay. A bottle of 100 tablets costs a dollar postpaid, from the Evidents Corporation, Box 857, Whittier, Calif.

No Need for Needles

Bachelors especially will welcome a new way of darning socks without using either needle or thread. The secret is a New Magic Darning Kit which contains more than 100 knit darns in the form of small circles and larger strips. When heat is applied to these patches a plastic coating fuses them to the sock or garment. There's no sewing whatsoever, and if one doesn't have an iron it's possible to get the same results

with a lighted lamp bulb. The kit, useful for trousers, etc., as well as socks, costs a dollar postpaid from Plasti-Stitch, Inc., Dept. B-2, 25 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17.

Tricky Tweezer

An unusual tweezer which with one motion seizes and pulls is being offered by D. Corrado, Inc., 26 N. Clark St., Chicago 2. Designed primarily to remove hair it has other applications. The device consists of a conventional tweezer held by two supplementary arms. Pressure on these arms causes the tweezer to seize and pull back quickly. The price is a dollar postpaid.

Tape for Home Repairs

There's a new kind of Scotch tape (identified as No. 33) which will be of interest to those who go in for splicing wires, mending garden hose, etc., etc. This is a thin, black, pliable tape with a plastic backing that sticks on contact, is waterproof and is impervious to oils, acids, prolonged sunlight or intense cold. Unusually tough, it is only 7/1,000 of an inch, and a roll of 150 inches, one-half inch wide, sells for 39c. The manufacturer is Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co.



Light in Panels

A revolutionary new method of producing light, through the use of thin, flat sheets of glowing glass, has been announced by Sylvania Electric Products Co. Operating on conventional household AC current, "Panelite" glows because of what engineers call electro-luminescence. The new type lamp consists of a special sheet of conductive glass on which is placed a phosphor-dielectric coating and a layer of vaporized aluminum. These two coatings add less than a hundredth of an inch to the glass itself. Wires are connected to the edges of the sheet, providing brightness roughly comparable to bright moonlight on a white object. Greater brightness can be provided by stepping up the power to 400-500 volts.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine



*There's only One
Favorite!*

Ruffed grouse or ring-necked pheasant—wily quail
or cottontail—every sportsman hunts his favorite game.

And in beer, millions more have made
Miller High Life their favorite—the one beer
they prefer above all others! Try it—today!

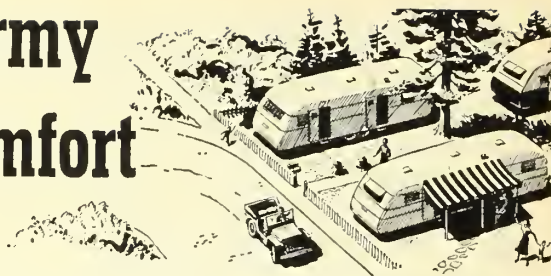
Miller's
HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

R. V. Jansen

HOMES-ON-WHEELS keep Army families together in comfort



PLENTY OF PLAY SPACE for children in the safe, clean area around their mobile homes. The Army helps servicemen keep up lawns, encourages attractive planting and fencing.

Sgt. 1/C Frederick Boyd and family relax in the living room of their mobile home in Camp Gordon, Ga. An enthusiastic trailerist, Sgt. Boyd says, "Besides the convenience to my work we have easy access to the PX, Commissary and camp recreational facilities. The Army even provides a modern laundry. When

you live on post, you get these important benefits. Also, we find that people here are really friendly. Our trailerist neighbors welcomed us with offers to help us settle." Mrs. Boyd adds, "There'll be no more apartment hunting for us. We'll have our completely furnished TCMA coach wherever we go."



"THERE'S NOT NEARLY AS MUCH HOUSEWORK, and it takes less time with everything so near at hand," says Mrs. Boyd, shown in her trim kitchen completely furnished with modern gas range and electric refrigerator. As the Boyds put it, "When you buy a TCMA coach, you own your own home." This is the Boyds' second TCMA coach.

Priced from \$2000 to \$6000, completely furnished, TCMA coaches offer more comfort and convenience at less cost than any other type of housing—plus mobility! Many service families, defense plant and construction workers enjoy this easier, simpler life. Make the TCMA emblem your guide to quality. For the members of TCMA are leaders of the industry, pioneering improved designs, building dependably to high standards.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK!



Complete information on newest TCMA coaches. Write TCMA, Dept. A-91, Civic Opera Bldg., Chicago 6, Ill.



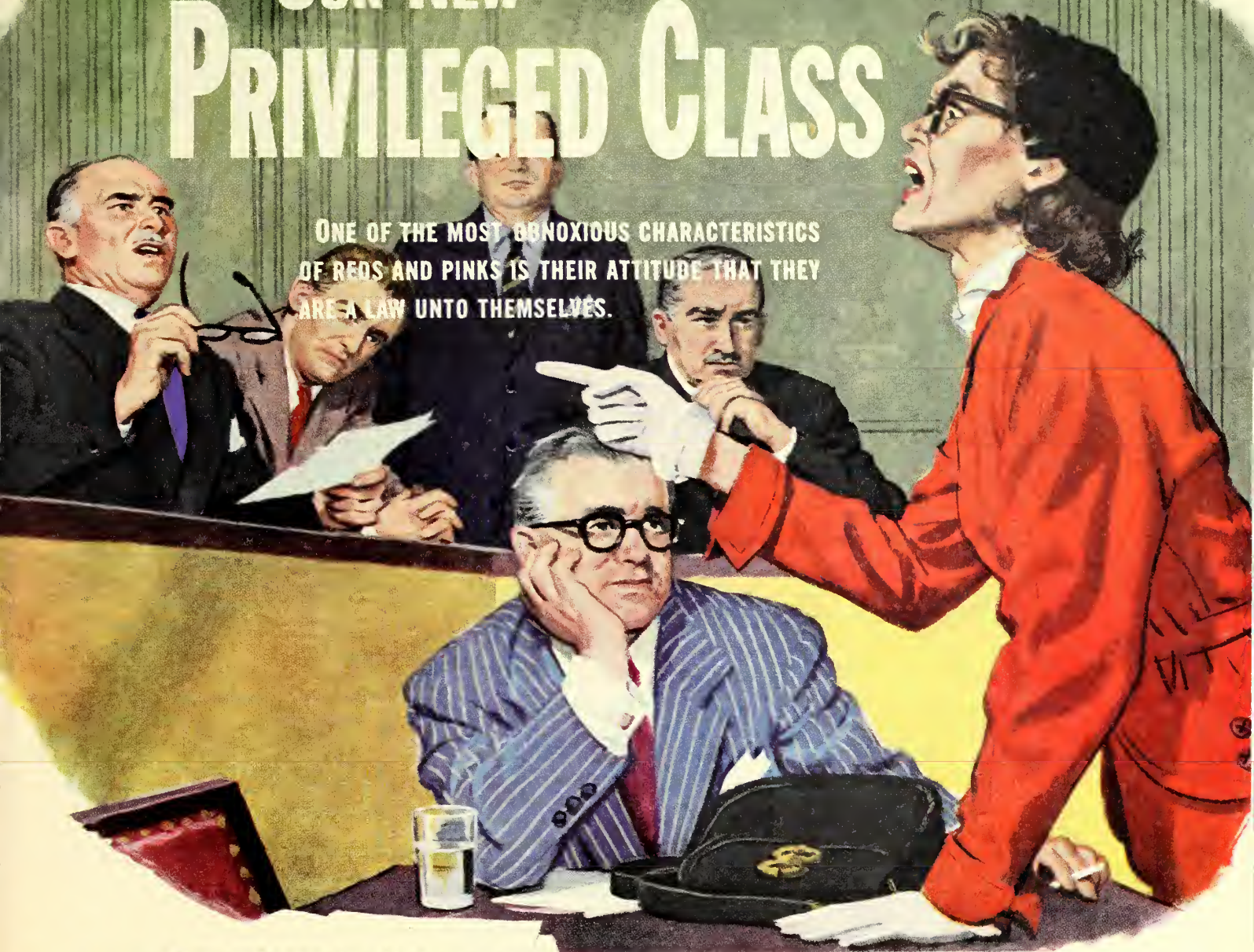
A GOOD NIGHT KISS for little Vernon, 3, as the Boyds prepare to retire. Sliding door with full-length mirror separates bedrooms. Built-in dressing table, chests of drawers and closets offer ample space for clothing and storage. Engineered heating and insulation assure the Boyds of comfort in any climate.



Trailer Coach Manufacturers Assn.

OUR NEW PRIVILEGED CLASS

ONE OF THE MOST NOXIOUS CHARACTERISTICS
OF REDS AND PINKS IS THEIR ATTITUDE THAT THEY
ARE A LAW UNTO THEMSELVES.



Time and again the public has seen commies flout the law, meanwhile howling for their "legal rights."

By **EUGENE LYONS**

LATE AND SLOWLY, a shocked America is becoming conscious of the nature and size of the red conspiracy in its midst. It is natural, under the circumstances, that communists and their fellow-travelers should find the going tougher; that the pink past of a few actors, public officials, scientists and teachers should catch up with them.

Here and there some dabbler in treason, or outright communist, is dislodged from a spot where he worked red mischief with impunity. Here and there an institution long infested by Kremlin termites takes measures, in simple self-defense, to smoke them out. Because the problem is new for America, because the very survival of our Republic

is at stake, the process is not always free of error and excess.

But the notion that merely to be accused of communist affiliations brings down the lightning of society's wrath is just untrue. It is a propaganda myth, cunningly promoted for the purpose of shielding the conspirators.

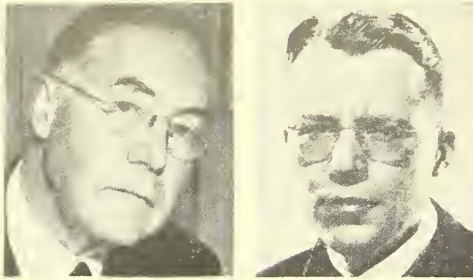
For every crimson professor flushed out, a hundred of his ilk continue to mold the mind of our youth. Scientists clearly implicated in the Soviet atomic thefts remain free to ply their trade. Men and women publicly identified as habitual red-fronters still write and perform for radio and television. The spectacle of known communists brazenly

ILLUSTRATED BY CASS NORWAISH

defying Congressional committees remains standard on Capitol Hill.

The truth of the espionage revelations by Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley has been confirmed by jury trial in every instance when it was thus tested; yet nearly all those whom they named carry on unmolested. Virtually all the organizations identified as subversive by the Department of Justice are doing a brisk business at the old stands; and the Supreme Court in a recent decision has made their official tagging a lot more difficult. Although Alex Bittelman and a batch of other top-shelf alien communists were picked up for deportation over three years ago, most of them are still here and free to

THE MELISHES WILL NOT BE MOVED . . . BUT THE RABBI WAS FIRED



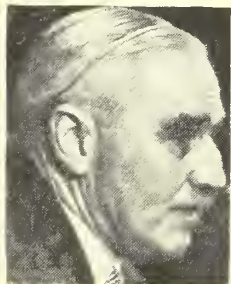
Rev. John Howard Melish, left, and his son, Rev. William Howard Melish, have long been noted for their fellow-traveling. They have fought desperately every move against them.

Rabbi Benjamin Schultz denounced reds in religion. Today he has no temple.



THE COMMUNISTS TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN, AND IN ANOTHER SENSE THEY "TAKE CARE OF" THOSE WHO OPPOSE THEM

THEIR "CRIME" WAS FIGHTING THE REDS; THEY SUFFERED FOR IT



Joseph C. Grew
Eased out of his job as Undersecretary of State.



Prof. A. P. Coleman
Columbia University took his resignation.



Gen. Pat. J. Hurley
Opposed our disastrous Far Eastern policy.



Arthur Bliss Lane
Fought U.S. loan to red Poland.



Irene Kuhn
The bars went up because she fought reds.



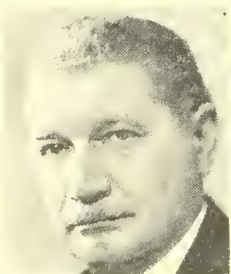
Dr. J. B. Matthews
No more invitations came from campuses.



Benjamin Gitlow
The smear started when he turned.



Freda Utley
She discovered strange pressures against her.



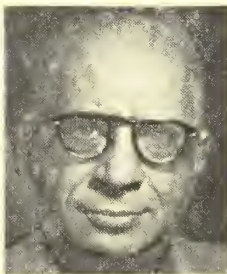
Benjamin Stolberg
Too outspoken, he was blacklisted.



Morrie Ryskind
Hollywood gave him the cold shoulder.



Rupert Hughes
He dared to discuss reds in moviedom.



Charles Y. Harrison
Certain magazines cooled off.

FOR A LONG TIME IT DIDN'T PAY TO OPPOSE COMMUNISM IN HOLLYWOOD, AS THESE PATRIOTIC AMERICANS LEARNED



Jack Moffitt
went "too far" against the reds.



Patsy Ruth Miller
was told that the deal was off.



Adolph Menjou
found he was getting fewer big roles.



J. McGuinness
was eased out of pictures and died.

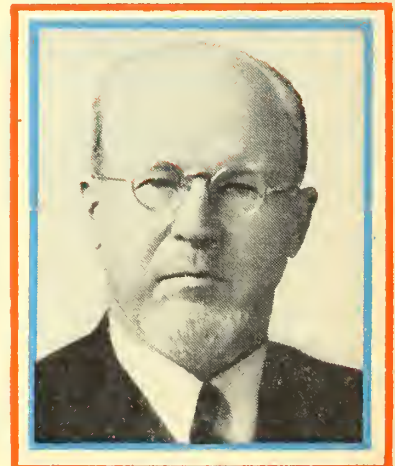


Fred Niblo, Jr.
he too told the unpleasant truth.



Hedda Hopper
who was told she had better lay off.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT WAS COOL TO WARD'S AMERICANISM



Angus Ward
He stood up to the Chinese reds. Now he's relegated to Africa.

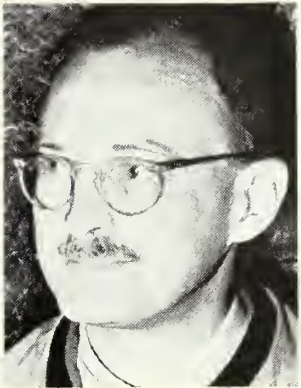
DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF LEFT-WINGERS ARE THESE "CONTROVERSIAL FIGURES"



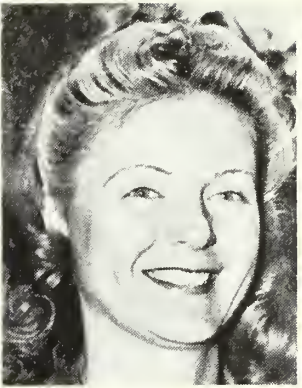
Clarence Hiskey
Involved in spy case, but now back at Brooklyn Poly.



Philip Loeb
Active in theater, radio, movies and TV.



Owen Lattimore
Stung by accusations, he wrote a "whimpering lament."



Jean Muir
She got an anti-commie's job, then lost it.



Aaron Copland
Recently appointed to a choice chair at Harvard.

(continued)

Our New Privileged Class!

exploit the opportunity. It appears that Uncle Sam, who has no trouble deporting hundreds of thousands of ordinary alien criminals and others illegally in the country, is always stymied when Stalin's criminal agents are in question.

On the rare occasion when a Kremlin "plant" is exposed and expelled from some sensitive spot, cries of anguish rend the air. We are warned that the whole structure of American freedom is about to cave in. The average American, deeply concerned by any threat to personal rights, is alarmed by such warnings. Before his common sense is drowned out by the choral caterwauling, let us therefore look at the whole picture.

We may begin with a true — and what's worse, a typical — story. It is about two Hollywood people who lost

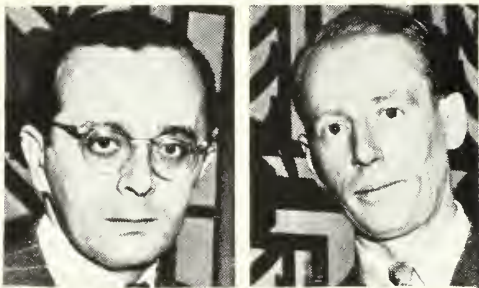
their jobs, in both cases because of the communist problem. One was a writer who had battled the reds, the other an actress who played footsie with the reds. Now you would expect, in ordinary logic, that the plight of the jobless anti-communist would stir up at least a gust of indignation, while the discomfiture of the woman accused of pro-communism would be applauded, or she would be ignored.

But amazingly — and that's the point of the story — exactly the reverse happened. The punishment meted out to the patriot made no dent on the public conscience; the chances are you've never heard of Jack Moffitt. But the dismissal of the lady in red raised a hurricane of protest and touched off an orgy of soul-searching. Overnight it lifted Jean Muir, until then relatively un-

known, to the status of Public Martyr Number One.

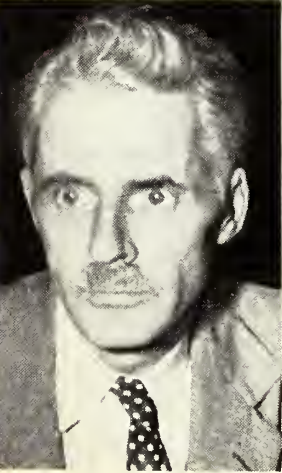
The contrast is worth pondering, as a symptom of these Alice-in-Wonderland times. Certainly two wrongs don't make a right, and no one in his senses condones unfairness. Yet it seems to me humanly understandable that Americans charged with being anti-American should meet with robust hostility in America. But that Americans known to be pro- (Continued on page 37)

THEY FELT THEY WERE DAMAGED \$200,000 WORTH



Larry Adler, left, and Paul Draper brought suit for \$200,000 against Mrs. Hester McCullough, a Greenwich housewife, because she called attention to their connections with pro-commie organizations. The jury failed to agree but the suit cost the McCulloughs \$58,000.

UT "THE THREE JOHNS" HAVE HAD STRONG OFFICIAL BACKING



John Carter Vincent
From China, to Switzerland to North Africa.



John S. Service
The Senators heard how Service served Mao.



John Davies
Accused by General Hurley; cleared by State Department.



Mrs. Hester McCullough



No one could get in close enough and pull out to clear the face of that mountain.

THE TAMING OF

Lieutenant Briscoe was knocking down all the Migs in Korea but he was becoming something of a problem. So they brought in a little competition.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

LIEUTENANT SHARBERT BRISCOE'S record in Korea makes him the greatest ace in all history. As far as I can figure, Briscoe has shot down about 134 enemy planes—and three others flown by pilots of the Royal Australian Air Force.

How do I know all this? I should, because I'm the acting Public Relations Officer with No. 156 Fighter Squadron and I've had this Mr. Briscoe in my lap for the past three months.

Lieutenant Briscoe is a louse, a national menace, a congenital hooligan and a colossal vulgarian; but the guy sure can knock down those Migs.

When I offer the above figures, I am not including the victories Briscoe has racked up in the taboo area north of the Yalu River, or whatever he may have destroyed—maybe over Moscow.

Okay, you have never heard of our Mr. Briscoe. A little got out during the

first couple of weeks we had him but after that it became expedient to put the quietus on Mr. Briscoe's flamboyant career. To have attempted to increase taxes, lower the draft age limit or soup up the national war effort would have been impossible while Briscoe was staging his one-man AIR FORCE act.

Medals and honors arrived in wholesale lots, but we had to limit Mr. Briscoe's rank. By rights he should have been a two-star guy the first month, but with a hacker like Briscoe in charge, we could have had the war spreading out as far as the Volga—or maybe he'd be running General Vandenberg out of the Pentagon by now.

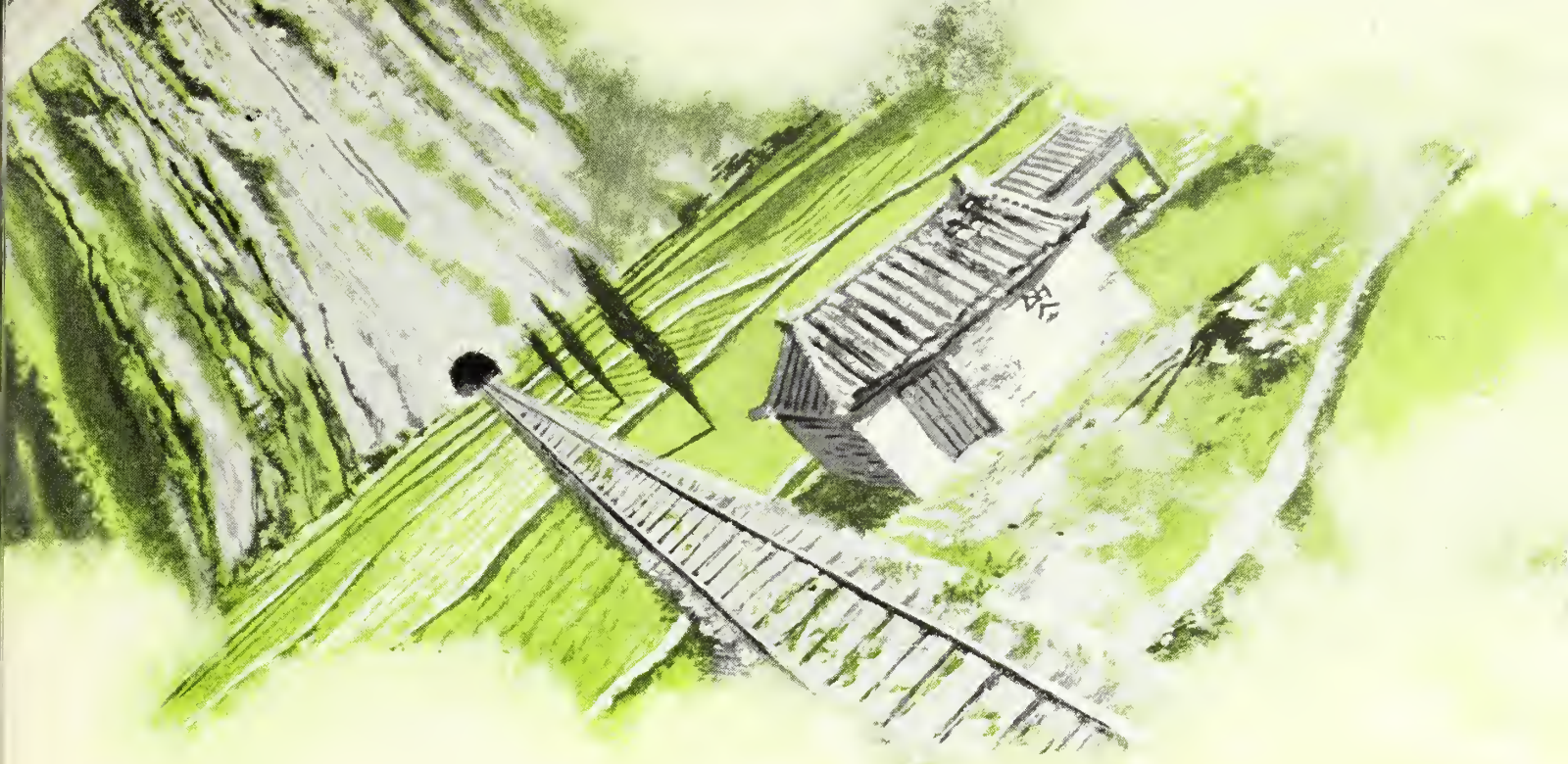
When MacArthur first contemplated air-tight security, he must have been thinking of Briscoe. Once the lug got started out here we had every war correspondent in the theatre bunking on

our base and eating our chow. The Marines, the Infantry, the tankers and the Navy were doing their stuff all the way up from Pusan without an audience.

I'm telling you. This Briscoe was a menace. It got so we were hoping he'd crack up somewhere 'way north of the 38th Parallel. When he came back stunting and buzzing the field, 97.6 percent of the gang were hoping he'd pull a wing off.

But nothing fatal ever happened to Mr. Briscoe.

At 156, like in any other outfit, when something really goes flooie, the first Joe they think of is the Public Relations guy. Once I figured I had a nice out when the Flight Surgeon decided I could stand a break, since I had racked up about sixty missions. Two days after Briscoe checked in I was screaming outside the Doc's door, pleading to be



MR. BRISCOE

cleared so I could go back on low-altitude attacks. I mean I screamed!

When Briscoe reached what we considered the peak of his heinous career, the Colonel sent me a chit—late one night. The Colonel was sitting behind his desk looking worse than one of those guys who play piano for the strip-tease acts they put on at smokers. He hands me a cigar and pulls out a bottle of bourbon.

"What do you plan to do about Briscoe?" he starts.

I poured myself a four-finger slug, figuring I might as well be fortified.

"We could ship him home, sir—to maybe sell war bonds."

Once the C.O. got his breath he says: "Listen! We ship Briscoe back and he gets chattering with newspaper guys. You can't put security clamps on every jerk-water sheet back home. What then?"

"I prefer to keep my mind uncluttered, sir."

"In no time he'd be on the Rotary and Chamber of Commerce circuit and every son-of-a-brick chowing on a one-buck menu would be wondering what the hell we were worrying about. If this

Briscoe is a fair sample, we must be slaughtering those poor gooks over there."

"It's something we'll have to think out, sir," I ventured. "Of course we may get a guy who can even top Briscoe."

The Colonel tried on a sick grin. "Yeh, maybe I could find some jerk who's worse than Briscoe."

"Not in this Air Force you won't," I argued.

The Colonel tried another hooker of bourbon. "I wonder if the Navy. . . By golly! I got a cousin who's an Admiral down at Pusan. (Continued on page 60)

"Hi, wise guy," said Briscoe. "I hear they nursed you through an Air Force mission today. How many gooks you get?"



REPORT FROM KOREA

By **T/Sgt. JAMES C. JONES, JR.**
USMCR, COMBAT CORRESPONDENT

The commies' night attacks kept entire sectors constantly bathed in light, with the artillery tossing up shells.



Those who fought in Korea in November and December will remember always the agonizing cold from which none could escape.

Infantrymen of WW I and WW II are sure they could not have stood up so well against Germans and Japs as they have against the Chinese.



When you get into an argument as to which war was "the big war," here are some things to keep in mind about the "police action" in Korea.

THE AMERICAN warrior probably never came home from a war but that he was forced to listen to some other American say: "Sounds like it was tough, all right . . . but! You shoulda been at Belleau Wood!" Or San Juan Hill; or Gettysburg; or Valley Forge.

"You shoulda been" in any of a thousand battles, but you could not make them all, so you select the biggest of those in which you did fight, and lean upon it. When you listen to some veteran of Korea tell you how tough it was at the Naktong, or Chosin Reservoir, or Yaju, however, you would do well to stifle that urge to top him. This guy probably will refuse to be bested. He figures he fought the meanest war of all. A two-war sergeant who had dragged himself through a dangerous day last February, north of Wonju, stated the case.

"I came home from the late great hate," he muttered at his rain-spanked reflection in a rice paddy, "and I told my old man it was tough in the islands. So he tells me maybe it was, but I shoulda been in the big war, son!" The sergeant slumped back wearily on the sodden paddy dike.

"I'm gonna go home from this one," he mused confidently, "and I'm gonna tell the old man it was rough in Korea. If he says I shoulda been in France, I figure to slug him right on top of the head!"

Any other GI or Marine who has survived his 10- or 12-month stint in the line cherishes his achievement as deeply. Call it by any name you choose—"police action" or whatever—(Continued on page 54)



The line trooper has learned that Korea has been anything but the push-button war that he has read about. This Seoul fighting bears a strong resemblance to European combat of WW II.



Another old standby that has had wide use is the 81-mm mortar, like this near Mungkyung.



Korea seems to be nothing but mountains and these have been nightmares for infantrymen, truck drivers, tank crews, everyone.



The variety of weapons used by commies is surprising. Guns from all countries including the U.S. have been used against us.



A new and effective addition to our weapons is the 75-mm recoilless rifle, such as this, being used against North Korean troops.



With both eyes open line up distant object with finger. Then close each eye in turn to see which one remains on the object. This is your shooting eye.

SIGHTING THE SHOTGUN



Here Ray Dillman demonstrates a simple way to test the fit of your shotgun. With his eyes closed, he has raised the gun to his shoulder. Upon opening them Ray discovers he is sighting too high. Properly, your eye will be in the position shown on the right.

PHOTOS BY GIL PAUST



Correct skeet technique is demonstrated by Russell Aitken, famous woodsman. Here he loads for his turn.

MOST POPULAR WEAPON THE SCATTERGUN

Trap and skeet shooting for the sportsman and improved guns and shell loadings for the hunter make the shotgun more popular than ever.

By RAY CAMP

LITTLE THINGS can be very important when it comes to shooting.

Loss of a horseshoe nail is popularly believed to have cost Napoleon the Battle of Waterloo, and a badly placed henhouse was responsible for the final form of one of the most interesting and popular shooting games ever invented — SKEET.

This game, which originated as an off-season pastime, played an important part in a more deadly game for higher stakes as time passed, for during World War II the shooting experience gained on the half-circle of the skeet field unquestionably resulted in the destruction of thousands of enemy aircraft and vehicles. The shotgun, which for several hundred years provided sportsmen with the means of passing a pleasant day afield and contributing toward the filling of their larder with upland game and waterfowl, went to war and, indirectly, became a very lethal and potent weapon. It taught aerial gunners the most important principle in shooting at a moving target: that of "lead," or as our British cousins more clearly put it, "forward allowance."

With the war over, several hundred thousand Americans, brought into contact with guns for the first time, swelled the ranks of the already active millions who made shooting their number one hobby. The long range of the rifle cut down its peacetime popularity, except in the hunting field, but any ten-acre tract satisfies the safety factor for a skeet layout, and the practice of this sport is not too much of a drain on the average pocketbook. In view of all this, the growth of the game was natural.

Skeet, as a sport, has an interesting and in part amusing history. The development of the game is attributed to three Massachusetts grouse hunters, W. H. Foster, C. E. Davies and H. W. Davies. They were primarily interested in getting in some practice with the shotgun that would fit them for grouse shooting. Regulation

"trapshooting," then the big off-season sport for shooters, did not offer them the "angle" shots provided by the unpredictable grouse. They began experimenting. First they set up a "trap" for throwing the clay targets and approached it at various angles. Then they decided to mark off a regular sequence of shots which would duplicate the angles of shots encountered in the field.

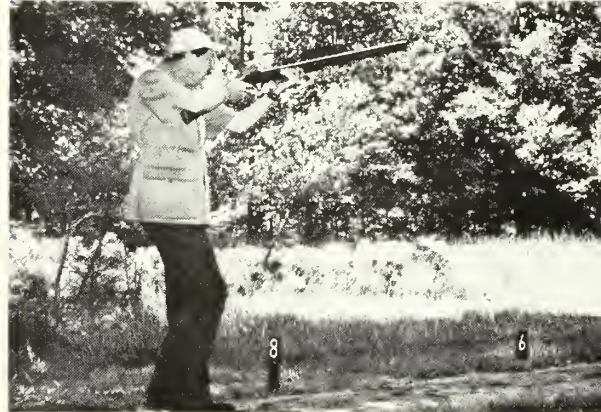
The "clock" shoot emerged from this experiment. This was a circle, 50 yards in diameter, with a firing point at each "hour" on the dial and one in the center, with the trap located at 12 o'clock. Two shots were fired from each hour around the clock and the 25th shot was made from the center. This was in 1915, and for the next ten years few changes were made in the clock layout. Then, a farmer whose land closely adjoined their field decided to raise chickens, and erected a henhouse and wire runs at a point that threatened to ruin the shooters' sport. To avoid complications of a legal nature and to eliminate the possibility of dusting chickens with shot, the circle was cut in half, another trap was located at 6 o'clock, and the enthusiasts found they could duplicate all the flight angles offered by the full circle.

Soon the new shooting game began wooing trapshooters from their less complicated five-position layout, and someone decided the new clay target game deserved a special name. A national contest was held, and the shooter who came up with the term "skeet" won a \$100 prize. State and regional shoots began attracting enthusiasts, a national association was formed, and in 1935 the first national championship was held. To say that this new sport was en-

A VARIATION IN SKEET SHOOTING



Many skeet clubs have taken to building "Quail Walks." They provide variety in shooting clay pigeons, are closer to actual bird hunting than ordinary skeet.



Starting at the arrow marker shown in the first picture, the shooter moves along the path. The birds will be released at any of several numbered markers.



Here the hunter approaches the trap pillbox not knowing where the birds will pop up. This time the controller has let him get very close before releasing them.



Both birds are "up" and the hunter has already disposed of the one on the right. He will now have to swing to the left and catch the second one, arrow.

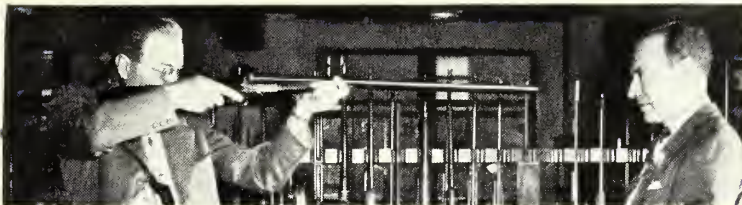


At Aitken's cry, "pull!" the bird is released from the trap. You can see it under the arrow.



The little puff of gray at the extreme right of the picture is the clay pigeon dissolving into dust as it is hit by the full shot pattern.

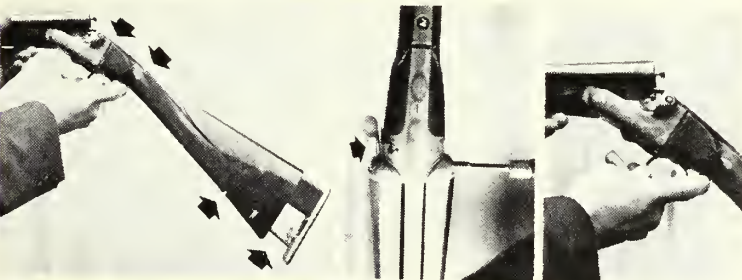
SHOTGUNS SHOULD BE FITTED TO THE OWNER



Here a potential customer at Abercrombie & Fitch, famous New York store, sights a "try gun" which has adjustments for every possible variation.



Here the salesman, after watching the customer sight the try-gun, is making an adjustment for the length of the stock that will be suitable for him.



The arrows in the left picture show some of the adjustments that can be made. From the top down they are for cant, stock drop at the comb, stock drop at the heel, stock length. In the center photo is the adjustment for cant with the tightening wrench in position and on the right is the action.

couraged by the ammunition manufacturers is a miracle of understatement, for the game now accounts for the expenditure of several million rounds of shotgun ammunition.

The first national was won by L. S. Pratt of Indianapolis, with a score of 244 out of 250, and the shooting world really recoiled the following year when a 14-year-old, Dick Shaughnessy of Massachusetts, shot his way to the crown with 248 out of 250. The first perfect score was not turned in at the Nationals until 1938 when Henry Joy of Michigan shot ten perfect rounds in succession, a 250 straight.

As a mere game, skeet has a challenge and appeal that are attracting an ever-increasing legion of shooters, and as a means of preparing a shooter for field shooting on live (Continued on page 57)

EVERY MORNING for the last five years Mrs. Ethel R. Bement has risen with the sun in her sprawling New England home on traffic-heavy Route 5 at North Hartland, Vermont, in the Connecticut River valley. Quarter of eight every morning would find Mrs. Bement five miles north of home, driving her car around the big bend in the road that is commanded by the rising lawns of the Veterans Administration Center at White River Junction, Vermont.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Bement would be on duty at the VA hospital there — making beds, preparing surgical instruments, chaffing with the hospitalized veterans or running errands into town for them, giving them free coupon books for purchases at the hospital canteen, rubbing their backs, finding answers to their personal problems, cutting leather or setting up looms for occupational therapy groups, issuing library books, and running errands, errands, errands for nurses or patients.

For her work these last five years at White River Junction VA hospital this unassuming little grandmother has not got a cent of pay. Nor does Ethel — as everybody at the hospital calls her — expect any pay. She is one of 9,000 American Legion Auxiliary trained Volunteer Hospital Workers who last year gave more than a half million hours of voluntary service in 137 Veterans Administration hospitals across our land.

The gold bar awarded by the Legion Auxiliary for 1,000 hours of voluntary service in veterans hospitals since 1946

A MIRACLE *in the* HOSPITALS



Mrs. Reed

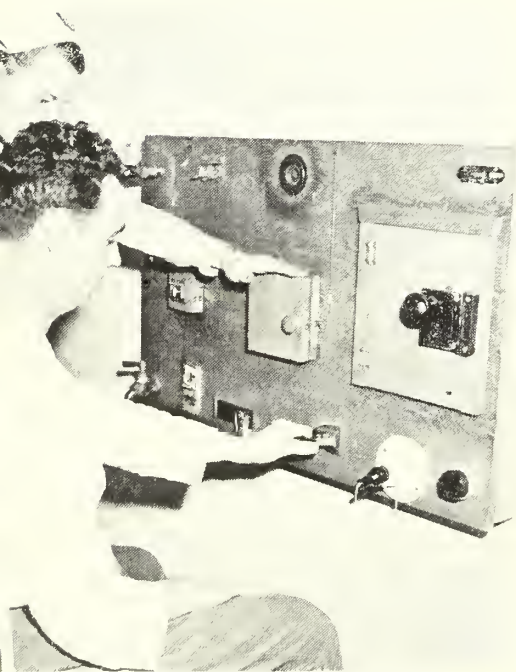
By MRS. WILLIS C. REED

NATIONAL PRESIDENT, THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

How a common sense policy for service in

VA hospitals has paid off in five years, as

shown in the story of a Vermont housewife and her family.



Mrs. Clinton Green, Indiana Legion Auxiliary, teaches VA patient how to do simple things with one hand. Even a mousetrap is on "daily living board" made by Legionnaire I. W. Brunton.

has now gone to 725 of these Blue Ladies of ours. Ethel Bement got the first thousand-hour bar. If she were to wear one for every thousand hours she has served at White River Junction hospital she'd have more hash-marks on her left sleeve than any grizzled Navy chief.

Brown-haired, pert, and level-headed — Ethel Bement is the national champion, in point of service, of The American Legion Auxiliary Volunteer Hospital Workers.

On May 22nd this year, James F. O'Connell, VA Special Services officer, certified that Ethel had put in 10,400 hours of voluntary hospital work since June of 1946!

A week later Mr. O'Connell ruefully admitted to a visitor that he had certified Mrs. Bement's record wrong. He said that Ethel would not let him credit her with more than 40 hours in any one week, while to his own personal knowledge she had actually served 60 to 65 hours at the hospital week after week during the last five years!

In her loyalty and her modesty Ethel Bement fittingly represents the spirit of all the Blue Ladies of the Auxiliary who serve in skilled capacities in VA hospitals. Their service, freely given, would have cost the Government more than 2½ million dollars these last five years.

Their sympathy for and interest in hospitalized veterans could not be bought.

But few of the 9,000 wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of Legionnaires who have donned the blue uniform of our proud corps of Volunteer Hospital Workers are able to give as much time and energy as Ethel Bement. Behind her record of service to veterans and veterans hospitals is the story of a family.

It is the story of Ethel herself, who says: "I am selfish. I'm doing what I love to do." It is the story of her husband, Frank Bement, stock clerk at Miller's Garage in White River Junction. Frank Bement, a War One veteran, has been a leader in the Legion's rehabilitation work in Vermont for nearly thirty years. He introduced Ethel to the problems of hospitalized veterans.

Behind Ethel's record is the story of her daughter, Heilene Carter, and Heilene's husband, Howard Carter. They uprooted themselves from their own house to move into the Bement home with their tow-headed son, Allen, so that Heilene could keep house for her parents while "Grandma" went to the hospital every day. "If it is true that I am the national champion," says Ethel Bement, "it is because our whole family is a team dedicated to this work." Her son, Bill, it might be added, is a War



10,400 HOURS IN A VA HOSPITAL

Grandson Allen Carter sees Mrs. Ethel Bement off from her North Hartland, Vermont, home to do her day's volunteer work in White River Junction VA hospital. Whole family backed Mrs. Bement in amassing her record of more than 10,000 hours free service to hospitalized veterans in five years.

Two veteran who works as a technician at the hospital.

Besides Mrs. Bement, there are 35 trained Blue Ladies of the Legion Auxiliary at White River Junction hospital, serving the hospital and the patients. Their blue uniforms show that they are qualified in line with the Legion Auxiliary's national program of VA hospital volunteer work, coordinated with VA hospital needs and aims. Like most Volunteer Workers, they cannot serve every day, but give what time they can. Some, in fact, must drive as much as 75 miles and more on the days they are able to get to the hospital.

Because Ethel Bement, with her family's backing, has worked every day, all day (and often three nights a week) for five years hers has been a rare offering even under the smoothly-functioning Volunteer Service that has been highly organized in VA hospitals since 1946. Ethel is as much of a fixture at the hospital as the regular staff. In the words of Thomas J. Hayes, VA Contact Officer: "The thousands of patients that have passed through this hospital in the last five years from the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts and Maine have come to know and love Ethel.

"She is recognized not only by the patients, but by the staff at this hospital as being an integral part of its function."

There was consternation at the hospital last spring, when Mrs. Bement announced she would resign as Rehabilitation Chairman of the Vermont Legion Auxiliary on August 1st. Because Ethel admits that at day's end she now feels "a little tired" she finally decided to give up her "rehab" chairmanship, which has often meant paper work at night for the whole Bement family at the household kitchen table.

At the hospital, news of her retirement from this post was mistakenly taken to mean she was going to quit her volunteer hospital work. A Legion visitor to the hospital last June reports that he was buttonholed by members of the hospital staff all up and down the corridors, who urged that Ethel be persuaded to stay on.

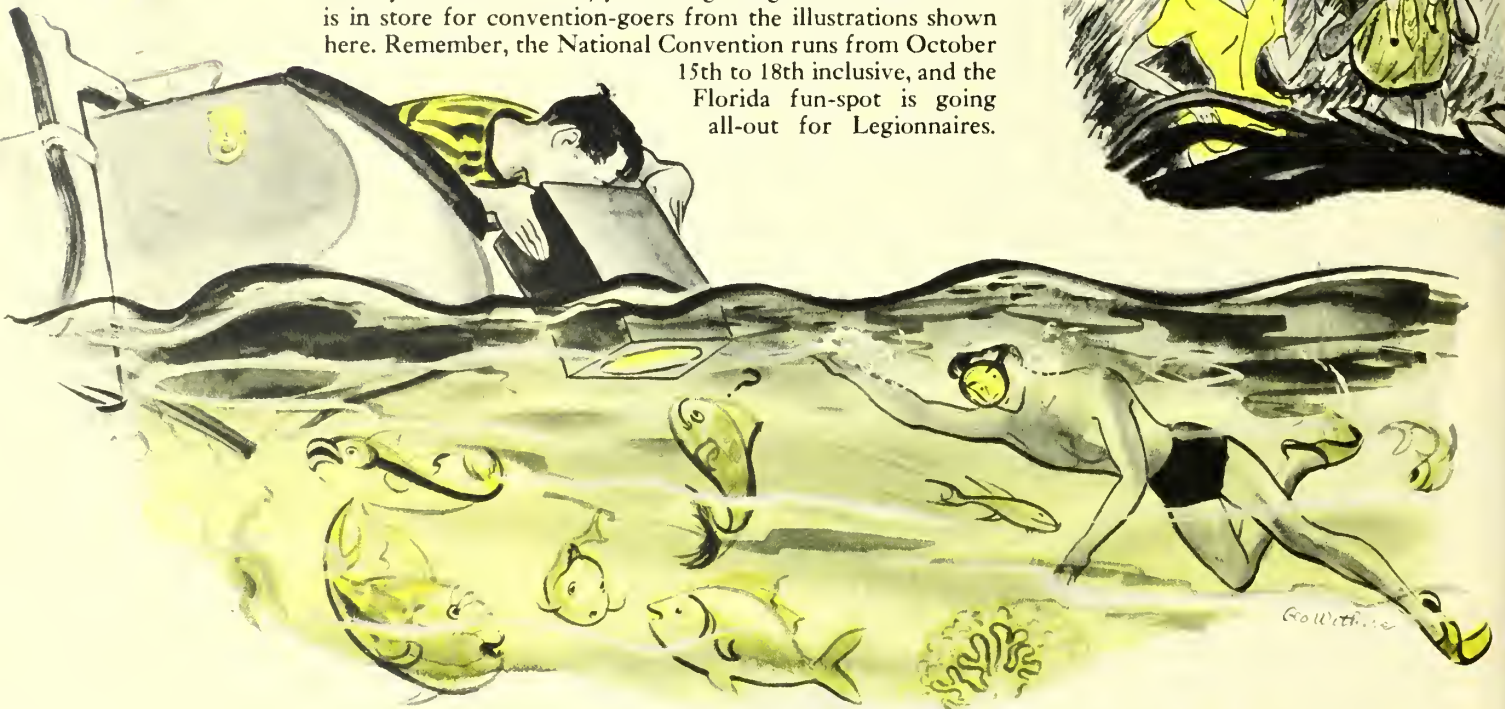
It is no wonder the hospital would miss her. Organized Volunteers in VA hospitals are trained for all sorts of duties that make the hospital run more smoothly. Volunteers make beds, prepare surgical dressings and instruments, clean glasses, fold and put away linen, run the library, clean the bedside stands, bring patients ice water, take reading matter to bedridden patients, check needles and supervise younger groups such as Girl Scouts who come in to do similar work.

These duties free nurses for more professional work and increase total service to the (Continued on page 44)

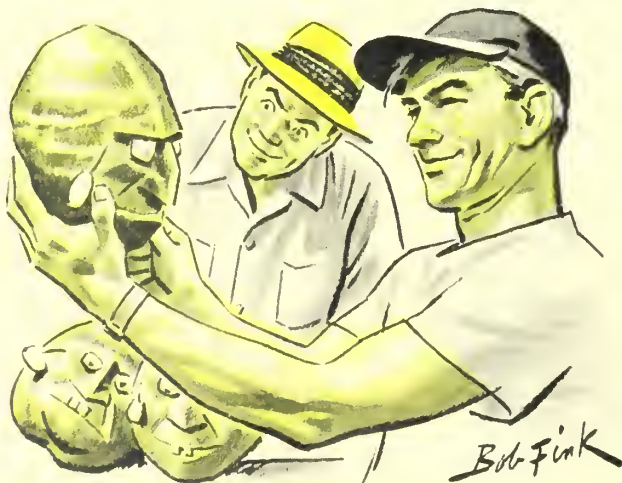
PREVIEW OF MIAMI

Here are some of the sights you mustn't miss when you attend the National Convention starting on October 15th and continuing through the 18th.

On October 15th you are likely to be one of many thousands of Legionnaires who will be seeing the sights of Miami as the National Convention gets under way. To portray all the interesting places to be seen in and near the convention city would take not just a couple of pages of a magazine but a hefty book. However, you can get a general idea of what is in store for convention-goers from the illustrations shown here. Remember, the National Convention runs from October 15th to 18th inclusive, and the Florida fun-spot is going all-out for Legionnaires.



The ocean floor presents still another world, a paradise of brilliant hues.



If you're like most tourists you'll have some of these amusing coconut masks shipped to your friends.



Miami abounds with night clubs and fine restaurants. Few places provide the atmosphere you'll find there.



A 30-minute drive from midtown Miami puts you in the tropics at Everglades National Park, truly a wonderland.



You'll thrill to the daredevil speedboat races at Pelican Harbor. The country's best compete.



If you are a fisherman, 600 varieties of fish are waiting around to grab onto your line.



These Seminole Indian braves at Miami's Indian Village show how to tame alligators. Nice way to get a sore throat!

MEET THE CHAMPION MEMBER GETTERS

Eight Men Had Secured 5,897 Legion Memberships For 1951 By June 1.

By **ROBERT B. PITKIN**

T. J. MURPHY of Omaha, Nebraska believes that the three-million membership of The American Legion is absurdly small for a nation with 18 million living veterans. Murphy, who stands five feet two and a half inches and weighs in on the bathroom scales at 196 pounds, blames the "smallness" of the Legion on a general unawareness among most of the veteran population of the actual workings and programs of the Legion.

"If all veterans knew the complete Legion story," he says, "ninety percent, or more than 16 million veterans, would join the Legion."

Murphy, a 56-year-old War I veteran, did not join the Legion until 1933, or fourteen years after he became eligible — so he is not surprised that all veterans do not flock automatically into the Legion. The complete Legion story isn't well known, and needs a lot of telling — he believes.

As he goes about the Omaha area in his job as a Nebraska state food inspector, he explains the Legion's programs.

By June first of this year Murphy had handed in 108 brand new memberships for 1951 to Omaha Post #1. He had also brought 113 former members back into the Legion. And he had accounted for the signing of 941 renewals of 1950 memberships. All told, on June first, T. J. Murphy had delivered 1,162 Legion memberships for 1951 to Omaha Post.

Murphy's record as the nation's most effective Legion membership magnet has reached the point in Omaha where veterans wishing to join the Legion seek him out, although he is not the Post Commander, the Adjutant, nor the Membership Chairman. His record is of long standing and is an Omaha institution. In 1946 he signed up 1,988 members. In 1947 his total was 1,875. Only recent "blotch" on his record was 1948, when he turned in "only" 218 memberships.

As a stimulus to membership work Omaha Post awards various prizes for good work in the annual headache of building the Legion's membership all over again from scratch. Murphy takes most of the prizes and takes them in stride. He won a couple of cases of whiskey this year, which were no in-

ducement to him since he doesn't drink. Much more to his liking was a \$25 butane-gas cigar lighter. The photo of him on these pages was taken in one of his few waking moments when T. J. was caught stogieless.

Murphy has two main tactics in enrolling Legionnaires. One method is to bring in veterans in bunches, signing up employees of business institutions as units. His Post gives a display card to firms all of whose eligible employees are Legionnaires in good standing.

Murphy's special tactic in finding new Legion prospects is the chain letter idea, substituting personal visits for letters. When he signs up a new member he asks the name of a friend or relative who may be eligible. One such chain produced 19 new members before it broke. But Murphy's persuasion when confronting a prospect is strictly serious. He explains in detail what Legion membership stands for and the work it supports.

"I stress veterans legislation, our child welfare program and our rehabilitation program," he says. "Two-thirds of the

new prospects sign up when they've heard the facts."

Altogether eight Legionnaires in the nation had signed up 500 or more members apiece for 1951 by June first. Six of them, including Murphy, are pictured, with their records, in the illustrations of this article. Paul Duncan — Gary, West Virginia mine superintendent — stood alone with Murphy in the thousand-member class with 1,001 memberships to his credit. Duncan also held first place in new members signed, with 175. Millard Wyman — Shreveport, Louisiana insurance executive and a War II corporal — got knocked out of the unofficial membership derby when he was called back into the United States Air Force in May — at a time when he stood fourth in the nation with 613 memberships for 1951 to his credit.

The two members of the 500 club not pictured are Felix Pogliano — National Vice-Commander — who had signed up 581 members for Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of Denver, Colorado, and R. O. McKewen — full time county service officer (*Continued on page 49*)

THREE POST ADJUTANTS WHO SIGNED UP 2,022 LEGION MEMBERS FOR 1951



Ellis Eyer, 39-year-old War II veteran, signed up 892 members. He estimates potential Legion at over 15 million. Eyer is single, has been in Legion nine years, is a draftsman and adjutant of Post 127, York, Pa. Eyer ranked 3rd in member derby.



Robert E. Miner, 43-year-old War II vet, secured 575 memberships. Adjutant and service officer of Clatsop Post, Astoria, Ore., he has been in Legion six years, foresees another million members. Is active in Oregon state Legion programs.



Elmer S. Sullivan, 58-year-old Santa Ana, Calif., Legionnaire signed 555 members. Adjutant of Santa Ana Post, he has been in Legion 32 years, knows Legion programs and estimates 8 million veterans would support them.



THE CHAMPION. HE SIGNED 1,162 MEMBERS FOR 1951 BY JUNE 1
T. J. Murphy of Omaha, Neb.

Not surprised that membership has to be sold, T. J. Murphy, Nebraska state food inspector, was eligible for Legion fourteen years before he joined. Now an object of civic pride in Omaha as consistent national leader in securing Legion memberships, Murphy sells Legion programs wherever he goes. He signs more than 1,000 members most years, fell twelve short of 2,000 in 1946 for Omaha Post 1, biggest Legion Post.



IN FOURTH PLACE WITH 613 MEMBERS WHEN RECALLED TO ACTIVE DUTY

Millard Wyman of Shreveport, La.



Runner-up; 1,001 Members

Paul Duncan, mine superintendent of Gary, W. Va., rated 2nd in nation with 1,001 members signed, led in new members secured, with 175. Duncan, eligible for 12 years before he joined, thinks Legion could be sold to 14½ million veterans. He is on executive committee of Adkin District Post.

Millard Wyman, 38-year-old War II veteran and insurance executive of Shreveport, La., had signed 613 members when recalled to Air Force in May. Five years in Legion and a member of executive committee of Lowe-McFarlane Post, Wyman estimates potential Legion at 13½ million if all living veterans knew Legion programs. He signs up nearly all veterans to whom he explains Legion's work.



THE

5TH ANNUAL FORD VICTORIAS TO FOUR

Members of the Legion Auxiliary Also Eligible!

ATTENDANCE AT CONVENTION NOT REQUIRED

Legionnaires! Members of the Legion Auxiliary! There's a Ford in your future...and it's free! For the fifth year in a row, the SEAGRAM POSTS are donating 4 Ford automobiles to the American Legion National Convention to be awarded to lucky Legionnaires.

This year the SEAGRAM POSTS give you the chance to win one of four beautifully styled 1951 Ford

Victorias. The cars will be available to the winners in Miami, immediately after the drawing, or may be shipped home at winner's expense.

In addition, \$250. cash will be paid to each winner's post!

So let's go! Get in on this good thing. Fill out the coupon below and mail it right away!

Nothing to Buy! Not a Contest!

FREE COUPON—CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

THE SEAGRAM POSTS,
American Legion
Box 4340
Miami 26, Florida

Legion or Auxiliary Membership
Card No. _____

GENTLEMEN: I am a member of _____ POST, AMERICAN
LEGION, or a member of _____ UNIT, AMERICAN
LEGION AUXILIARY, located in (CITY) _____,
(STATE) _____. Please enter my name in the
(please print)
free drawings to be held at the National Convention, October 15-18
in Miami, for the four Ford Victorias donated to the American
Legion 1951 Convention Corporation of Florida by the Seagram Posts.

NAME _____
(please print)

HOME ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

SIGNATURE _____
(please sign here)

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

- 1- Open to all Legionnaires and members of the Legion Auxiliary. You don't have to attend the convention to be eligible.
- 2- To enter, simply fill out and send in the coupon below—or a post card or letter, using the coupon as a guide.
- 3- Your coupon, letter or post card must be signed.
- 4- Your entry must be received not later than midnight, October 13, 1951.

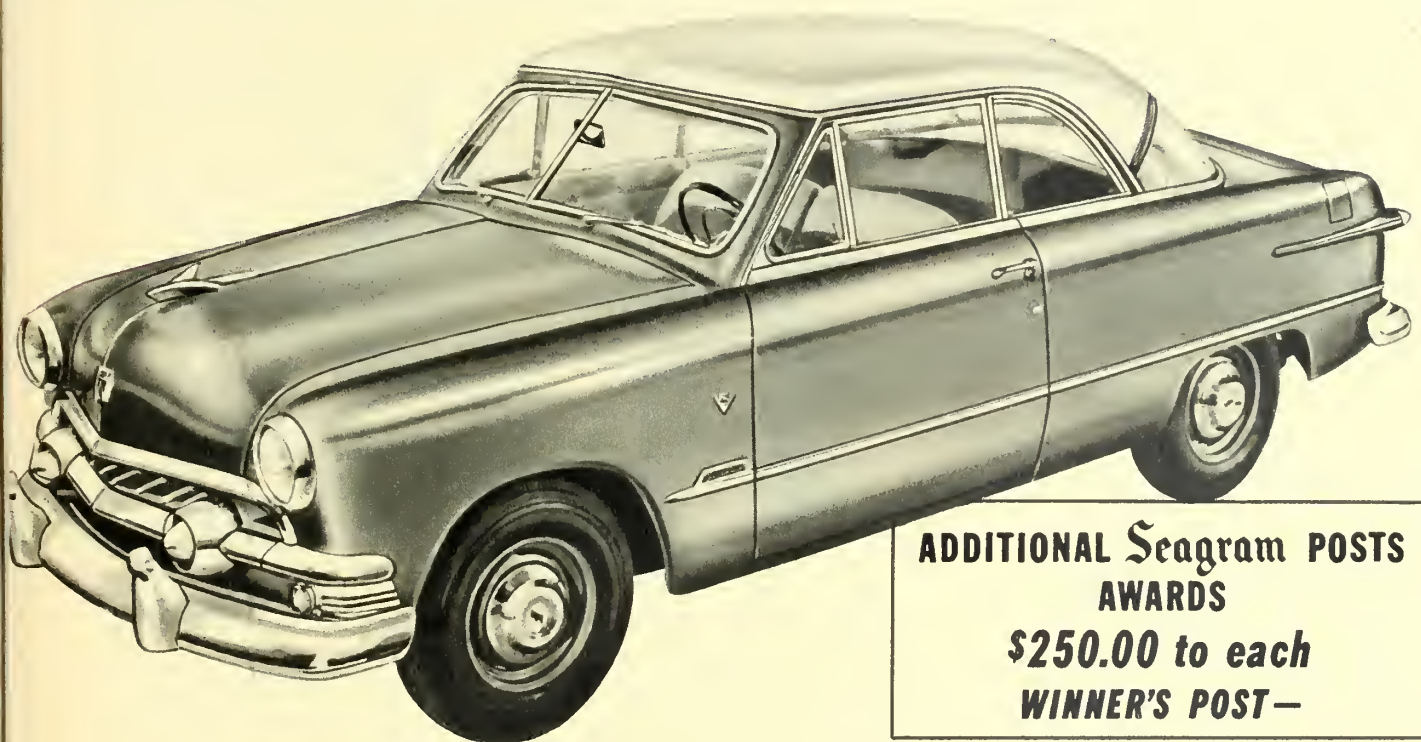
J. J. Seagram Posts — 1283, New York; 658, California; 807, Illinois.

Seagram POSTS

DO IT AGAIN !

FREE AWARD!

LUCKY LEGIONNAIRES



**ADDITIONAL Seagram POSTS
AWARDS
\$250.00 to each
WINNER'S POST—**

**Drawings to be held at the National
Convention in Miami, October 15-18th**



The British marine sergeant with four helpers came into the wardroom with a barrel.

YOU CAN'T TELL 'EM WITHOUT UNIFORMS

Stories with happy endings and a few chuckles to boot.

By **CAPTAIN MAURICE S. SHEEHY, Chaplain, USNR**

ON FEBRUARY 10, 1941, with spotless gold braid on my new uniform, I boarded a ship which was to take me for five years into a new, adventurous, and delightful association—the United States Navy.

True, I had an anxious moment looking around for an officer of the deck. Vice Admiral Leland Lovette in *Naval Customs, Traditions, and Usage* said there should be one and I should salute him. It appeared that this Norfolk and Washington steamer was not so sup-

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON GREENE



The Marine wasn't accustomed to admirals who carried live raccoons.



The newcomer wasn't dressed the way the GI expected Admiral Halsey should be.

plied, and my confidence in admirals was in jeopardy.

There was one gentleman with a lot of stripes lurking in the background. I was not sure whether I had to salute him, so I just avoided him. At dinner he waited on my table.

Jump not to the conclusion that I was a green reserve responding to my country's call! I was really a veteran. Out of the class of 1937 at the Naval Academy and with three years of intense inactivity in the inactive reserve, I could

look with tolerant amusement upon those who could not distinguish starboard from port. Especially since I could never get such details straight myself.

About this Annapolis business: President Roosevelt had appointed me to the Board of Visitors in 1937. After three hectic days I was asked to help write a pamphlet telling how to run the Naval Academy. President Dodds of Princeton and President Bowman of Johns Hopkins were also (*Continued on page 41*)



A typical view of the flood waters that covered cities, towns and the whole countryside along the Kaw and Missouri Rivers

RESCUE AND RELIEF IS WORK OF LEGION IN KAW-MISSOURI FLOOD

Joint Legion-Air Force Air Lift Relieves Flood Sufferers on the Kaw; 200 Tons of Supplies Flown in to Distributing Center at Topeka; Thousands of Homes Were Completely Destroyed.

Disaster struck central and eastern Kansas on July 11 when the Kaw River went on a rampage, the like of which had never been known — when the river burst its banks and sent swirling torrents through cities, towns and over hundreds of thousands of the richest farm lands in the midwestern country. The unprecedented flood came after a month of almost steady rainfall over the Kaw watershed, climaxed by a series of cloudbursts over a period of 24 hours in which more than 17 inches of rain fell in some localities.

The raging torrents swept down the tributary streams, into the Kaw and on to Kansas City where the angry waters were emptied into the Missouri River. The flood continued through the full length of Missouri to St. Louis, where the flood tide broke all records for 107 years — and broke all records for property damage.

It was a disaster of major proportions. The Kaw River Valley and the Missouri was left a devil's playground of wreckage of ruin. Some thousands of homes swept away or wrecked beyond repair; railroad and highway bridges were broken down; whole sections in-

undated; industrial plants along the rivers collapsed — there were thousands of homeless refugees, who had escaped with nothing more than the clothes they were wearing at the time the raging waters struck.

The property loss is estimated at more than a billion dollars in tangibles. The crop loss and damage to the farm lands, from which millions of tons of rich top soil was carried away to spread feet-thick in the form of silt in the lower reaches, amounts to many millions more. Loss of life, however, was amazingly low — held down to about thirty.

In all the flood-stricken area, almost without exception American Legionnaires were first to respond for emergency service. The Legion was organized for just such service, and its members knew what to do. Earlier flood conditions had caused many Posts to organize disaster teams — but here the flood struck with such swiftness that in many communities Legion Posts did not have time to mobilize for organized action — the members rushed into the waterfront service as individuals and worked with survival community teams

in which every organization lost its identity.

Yet Legionnaires formed the backbone of virtually every organized community disaster effort. They served as Civil Defense directors, as Red Cross disaster relief chairmen, as auxiliary police and firemen. Thousands carried sandbags to build the dykes higher, they helped direct traffic, worked night and day to move business stocks and household goods to higher ground, set up refugee camps, loaded and unloaded trucks and supplies of all kinds, drove ambulances, served on day and night patrols in devastated areas, helped dispose of dead livestock, and tirelessly performed hundreds of other vital chores.

The Legionnaires in Kansas and Missouri worked like heroes and wrote another shining chapter of humane service into Legion history. It was an epic of rescue, relief and rehabilitation.

"Every river town in Kansas found its Legion Post an ace in the hole in coping with flood conditions," said Department Commander Ray S. Schulz of Great Bend, who himself was cut off by high water at his home. "I am proud of Kansas Legionnaires. Their response to the flood emergency was the most inspiring action I have ever seen. This applies to all of the 385 Kansas Posts whether they were in the disaster zone or not. They all worked."



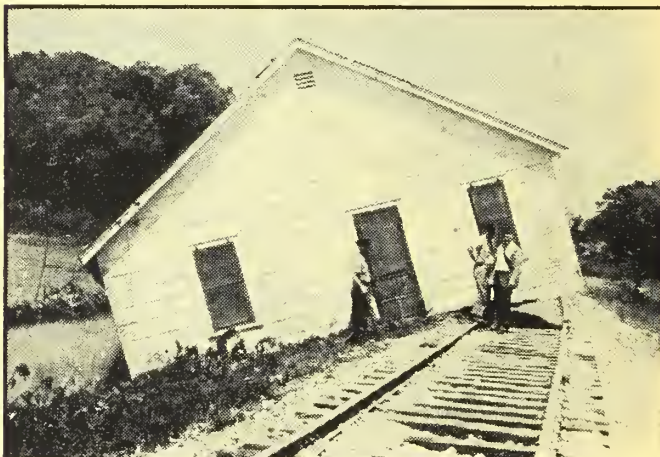
Fort Worth mercy plane at Topeka. Left to right, Commander Ben Krentz, Topeka; Commander Ray Bertholf, Fort Worth; M/Sgt. Duncan Troutman, Commander Texas Post 14; Dr. W. J. Danforth; Mayor Kenneth Wilkie, Topeka; Brig. Gen. D. W. Hutchison, 21st Air Division; Col. Conrad F. Necrason, 90th Wing, and Col. Gerald G. Robinson, C.O., Forbes Air Base



Willing workers, with aching backs, worked day and night unloading planes at Forbes Air Base and loading trucks with food, clothing and supplies to be hauled to stricken areas



Commander Krentz, Capitol Post, (left) fits out E. S. Lenz, war-time amputee, who lost everything he had in the flood



A just completed home torn from its foundations and come to rest on the railroad tracks. All contents completely lost

This statement was echoed by Department Commander Charles Bacon of Marshall, Missouri, who added further words of praise for the service of Missouri Legionnaires who worked as individuals and in organized groups.

"In all the flood areas, American Legion District officers, Posts, individual members and Auxiliary women did a magnificent job," Commander Bacon added. "They were the first in bringing immediate relief to flood sufferers until established agencies could take over."

From the upper waters of the Smoky Hills and Republican Rivers, which meet at Junction City to form the Kaw, the raging waters tore at cities, towns and farmlands, isolating many communities by flooding the highways and cutting all railroads. As the waters receded Topeka, because the big Forbes Air Base Field was above the high water level, became the focal point of relief — and Capitol Post No. 1, with its splendid three-story club house, was immediately converted into the central relief depot.

Most dramatic — and most efficient — of all the relief operations was the airlift operated jointly by the U. S. Air Force at Forbes Air Base Field and the Kansas Legion. "Operation Airlift"

was carried on for five days of the greatest flood emergency, and it pitched the key-note of all-out co-operation that inspired the Legionnaires, the Air Force, and countless other organizations and individuals in the great human battle against the elements.

First suggestion of the airlift came from the 7th Legion District in Southwest Kansas, untouched by the flood but where community-wide appeals for funds, food and clothing were issued before the flood really struck. Piles of supplies had accumulated, but there was no way to deliver it to the flood sufferers. The Hobble brothers, John and Herb, at Liberal, and District Commander Ed Munson called Department Commander Schulz and Department Adjutant I. L. (Click) Cowger suggesting air service. The Department officers immediately contacted Lieutenant Colonel Francis B. Gallagher of Olathe, who had been designated as air rescue liaison officer between the Air Force and the Kansas Adjutant General. Under authority of Brigadier General David W. Hutchinson, 21st Air Division Commander, Air Force transports were put into service to fly Legion flood relief supplies into Forbes Air Base from collection points at Hutchinson,

Great Bend, Garden City and Liberal. Within five days more than 200 tons of food, clothing and medical supplies had been flown into the field, thence to the central depot in Capitol Post home. In the latter stages of the airlift the supplies were trucked directly to a stricken community along the rampaging Kaw or its tributaries where the stuff was most needed.

The Air Force made drops from cargo planes of critical supplies to isolated communities, using nearly the entire supply of drop parachutes. Another major job given the Legionnaires was to recover the 'chutes and return them to the Air Base. As the high waters receded and the roads again became passable, the Legion supplies were trucked into Topeka and other disaster areas. The Air Force continued the cargo service after the five day active operation when planes were available and when full loads had accumulated at collection points.

Not only did the Legion of Kansas respond to the need of the flood refugees, but neighboring Posts in Nebraska, Texas, Alabama, Colorado and other States sent in supplies by plane and truck. The Departments of Indiana (with \$1,000) and Oregon (with \$500)



Old and young, they all turned to the Legion for food, clothing and shelter. Family drawing supplies at Capitol Post depot

were the first to respond to National Commander Erle Cocke's appeal for funds for the stricken area.

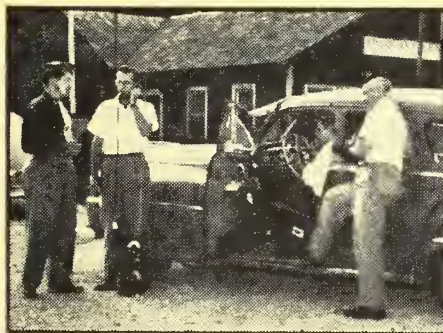
Fort Worth, Texas, Legion Posts, under leadership of Business and Professional Men's Post No. 14, collected a full load of baby clothing—4,000 pounds—which was flown into Topeka in a U. S. Air Force transport plane. A second plane load of supplies was flown in a few days later. The Fort Worth action was inspired by Master Sergeant Duncan Troutman, Commander of Post 14, who was on duty at Forbes Air Base at Topeka. The Texas relief party was led by Dr. W. J. Danforth, Past Department Commander and Past National Executive Committeeman, accompanied by C. Ray Bertholf, Tarrant County Commander, Legionnaire William Newbold, William King, Chamber of Commerce, and members of the Fort Worth press.

Claude McCall Post No. 79, Brewton, Alabama, borrowed a National Guard C-47 cargo plane to fly \$7,000 worth of food, clothing and miscellaneous household supplies into Topeka, while trucks rolled in from Legion Posts at Sterling, Colorado; Fairbury, Fremont, Beatrice, and Lincoln, Nebraska, and from many other places. The response almost completely swamped the facilities of the Kansas Legion for storing, sorting and

dispatching the supplies.

The flood struck with devastating force at Kansas City, where the Kaw joins the Missouri River and where the States of Kansas and Missouri meet. Here the disaster relief activities of the Legionnaires of the 5th Missouri District, embracing all of Kansas City, Missouri, were concentrated in their splendid club home, the \$3,000,000 former Shrine Temple. While Legionnaires on the Kansas side of the city labored just as hard in rescue work and in relief—many of the members being in the flooded area.

Working under the direction of 5th District Commander J. B. Kerrigan



Young Overland Park radio "hams" served with mobile radio units



Overland Park Legionnaires set up a water point and furnished some 40,000 people with water brought from Olathe

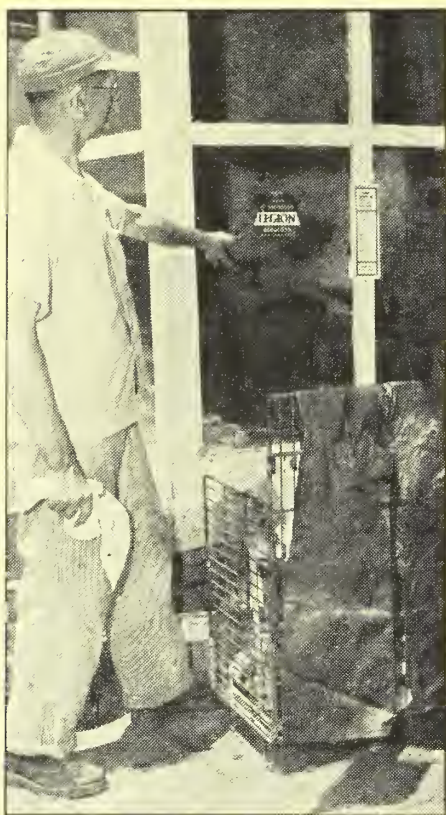


Chow line at Perry, Kansas, where whole town was fed and equipped at Legion home—three meals a day for 365 people

and Ralph F. Lane, Chairman of the City Central Executive Committee, on the Missouri side, were day and night shifts of Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary. The ladies were directed by Mrs. Leo F. Lynch, 5th District President. Some 135 Auxiliaries were on duty constantly. Their job was to sort, size, mend and distribute clothing, prepare food for the displaced persons, take care of special diets for the sick, arrange for day nurseries, and do other chores in line of their humane work. Twenty-five Auxiliaries in three days gave 309 hours of work at the USO center which housed and fed evacuees, while others found bedding and temporary housing for flood displaced families.

Commander Kerrigan estimated that more than 1,500 Jackson County Legionnaires volunteered as individuals and worked around the clock during the emergency in such vital activities as filling sandbags on dykes, day and night patrolling, evacuation and rescue efforts, canteen work, loading and unloading trucks and airplanes, serving as auxiliary police and firemen, sheriffs' patrols, National Guard, and with the Salvation Army and Red Cross.

"The American Legion can be proud of its Kansas City Posts, Legionnaires and Auxiliary members," said Com-



Dale Stark, Perry, Kansas, points to Legion Retail Advisory Council shield; flood water just lapped at its bottom

mander Kerrigan. "This disaster has served to show how our people can work together in emergency."

On the Kansas side of the city, where the dykes broke letting the water sweep over a great residential and industrial area, the loss was heavy. The Commander of Argentine Post—its brand new home was completely flooded—reported that 29 of the Post's members had lost their homes and that 27 had lost both homes and businesses. Armourdale Post in the same area lost its own home, and its members were very badly hit. While the homes of many of the members of the Argentine Eagles Post, composed for the most part of Mexican veterans, were swept away.

Overland Park, a nearby suburb, escaped the flood waters, but its water supply was cut off for days. Dwight Coles Post No. 370, in co-operation with Earl Collier Post No. 153 at Olathe, borrowed Navy tank trucks and established a water haul from a pure supply at Olathe. A water point was set up at the Dwight Coles Post home from which more than 40,000 people were supplied—carrying the water away in all sorts of receptacles. In addition, this Post distributed some 30 tons of food and clothing from its club house under the direction of Commander Stanley Breyfogle.

A mobile communications system for the stricken area was provided by an amateur radio club of Overland Park, sons of Legion families for the most part. The club had licensed short wave stations. One of the ham stations was

installed in an automobile, and with the assistance of walkie-talkie operators who ventured out into sections where the car could not go, messages were relayed back through the car station to the central Overland Park station. This service facilitated rescue work and life-saving. The youthful communications crew went into Kansas City, Missouri, to help in the flooded industrial area during the big fire.

From the headquarters of the tributaries of the Kaw down to the Mississippi came stories of personal heroism and sacrifice, and of almost unbelievable endurance under stress of long hours—even days—of unrelenting labor.

At Junction City, where the Smoky Hills and the Republican Rivers join to form the Kaw, the rushing waters took the town broadside. National Vice

of persons in the basement cafeteria.

More than half the Post's membership of 3,260 were on the waterfront, or in relief work—some for 72 hour stretches.

"We had doctors, lawyers, bankers and business men working on the waterfront," said Commander Krentz. "We also had members working with the Auxiliary Police and National Guard. We sent mess parties to the danger spots which took 500 gallons of coffee, 100 dozens of sandwiches and doughnuts to the dyke workers. Our members loaded and unloaded more big trucks than they could keep count of, and we also worked with Commander Frank Wagner and the Jordan-Patterson Post No. 319, a Negro unit, where another distributing center for food and clothing was set up."

Another shining example of a Legion



Emergency relief plans, for future, were discussed by Johnson and Wyandotte County, Kansas, Legion, sparked by Commander Stanley Breyfogle. Two-county operation center was established under Past Commander Joe Hamm

Commander Fred Bramlage, whose home is at that place and who was himself a heavy loser, was foremost in the relief and rescue work. But the story at Junction City is that of Earl C. Gormley Post No. 48. The Post had by scrimping and saving accumulated a building fund of \$25,000. The Legion unit put its nest egg into flood relief—and will continue to occupy rented quarters until a new fund can be built. This, according to Kansas Department Adjutant "Click" Cowger is one of the finest examples of the Legion's devotion to the ideal of mutual helpfulness.

At Manhattan, where 220 blocks of the college town was covered with water, the home of Pearce-Keller Post No. 17, collapsed while the Legionnaires were working frantically to rescue trapped families.

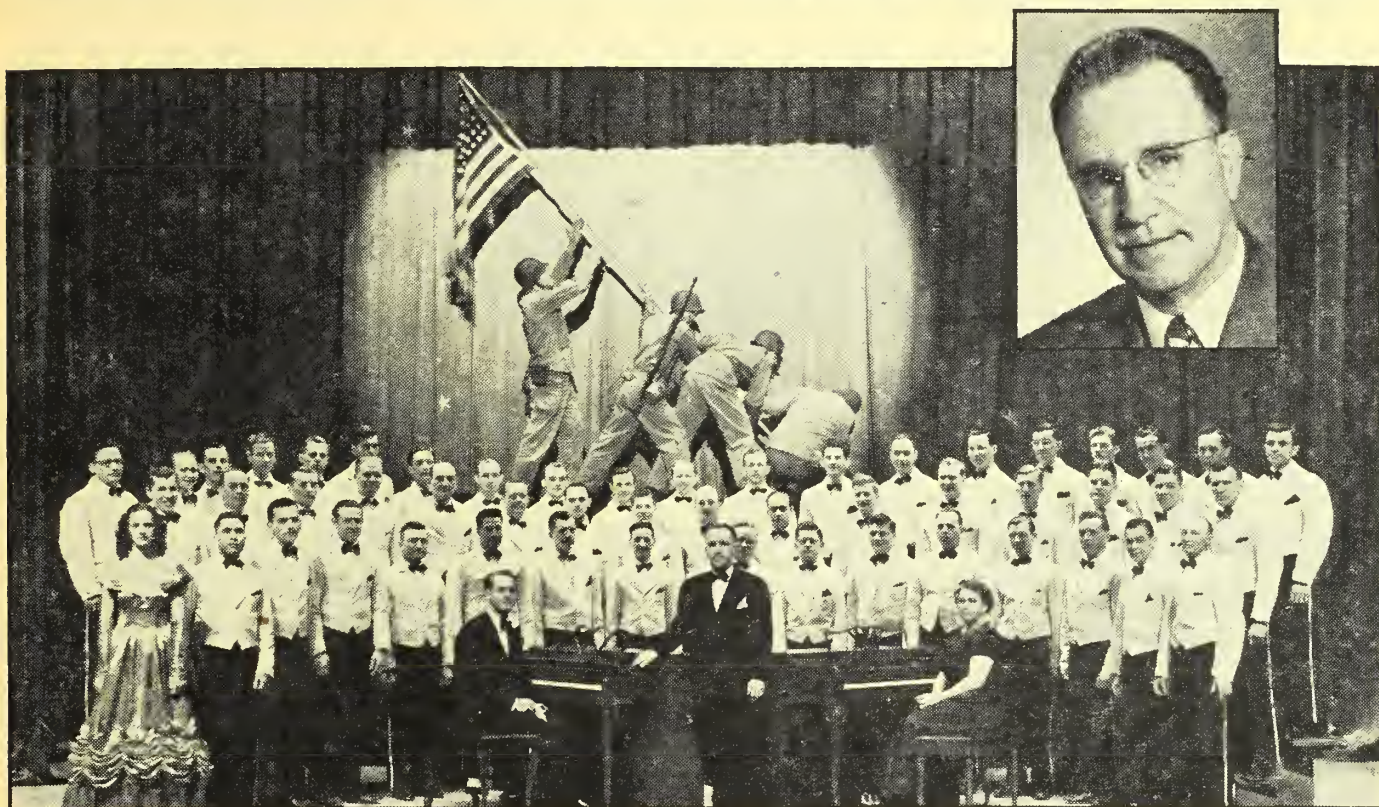
Capitol Post No. 1 at Topeka was not only a center for local relief, but served the entire stricken area—and this activity was carried on under the direction of Commander Benjamin Krentz, who stayed on the job day and night. In addition to the tons of supplies funneled through the center, some 200 people were housed on the upper floors for several nights, and meals were served to more than that number

Post filling a community's emergency need was at Perry, a small river town of 395 population near Topeka. Perry Post No. 142 has a membership of 132, and it also has a nice, stone club house built by the members. It was one of the few houses in the town that escaped inundation—and with leadership such as the Post is able to give, the relief activities were all directed from the Legion home. As the waters receded, and with the co-operation of Posts and Auxiliary Units at Leavenworth, Oskaloosa, Valley Falls, Nortonville, Winchester and McLouth, feeding the entire population was taken over by the Legion, releasing business men, householders and housewives for the big job of cleaning three feet of mud and muck from stores and homes. For a week three meals a day were served to an average number of 365 persons, morning, noon and night.

Lost Purple Heart

Herman A. Wenige, Service Officer, Lawrence Capehart Post No. 35, Jeffersonville, Indiana, has a Purple Heart Medal on which the name of Justin E. Cheshire is inscribed. He would like to return it to its owner.

SOUTH DAKOTA MELODY CHAMP



Sioux Falls American Legion Chorus and their famous Iwo Jima flag-raising scene. Inset at right, Dr. Lee Bright, Director

The Sioux Falls, South Dakota, American Legion Chorus won the accolade at the Philadelphia National Convention in 1949 when—a fledgling in national competition—it wrested the national champion crown from the eight-times champion American Legion Chorus of Syracuse, New York. At the same time the Chorus earned the highest possible tribute from the losers.

"If you're going to lose, it isn't so bad to lose to someone that's good—and those boys are good!" remarked one veteran Syracuse singer to another. The compliment was not idly passed—the Sioux Falls singers had in three brief years built up one of the finest choral groups in all America. Their home town turned out en masse, headed by Legionnaire Mayor Henry B. Saure and the Municipal Band, to welcome them and their new honors on return from Philadelphia.

The story was repeated at the Los Angeles National Convention in 1950 with the significant difference that the Sioux Falls Chorus was on the defensive, putting out everything they had to defend and hold the national champion title won at Philadelphia. Win they did, with a higher score than that given by the judges of the competition the year before. Now a two-time national champion, the acclaim in their home area was repeated with even more emphasis.

Now looking forward toward Miami and the second defense of the coveted title, the Sioux Falls Chorus has no thought of an easy walk-away. But

they're still good—no one knows better how good they are than Dr. Lee Bright, Director, who organized the singers and worked them into a national prize-winning outfit. When asked about the Miami Convention, Dr. Bright said with a twinkle in his eye: "I guess we'll have to go. None of us has figured out how to box up that big trophy and send it back, so we'll just have to take it with us.

"But I hope it will make another round trip," he added.

The story of the Sioux Falls American Legion Chorus began in 1946 as a dim idea hatched up by Tom Harkison, then Post Commander. Returning WW2 vets swelled the membership of Sioux Falls Post No. 15—it was one of the first twenty Posts in the entire Legion that year—and Commander Harkison and his Executive Board began to devise plans for Post activities. A musical organization seemed to be the answer—but to this day no one knows why the Board settled on a chorus instead of a band or drum and bugle corps. Certain it is that none of the originators then dreamed that within three years they would have a national championship outfit, winning national honors, and in addition presenting concerts and shows of professional calibre throughout the tri-state area of South Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa.

But once the chorus was decided upon there was no doubt as to who ought to be its director. There was Dr. Lee Bright, Legionnaire, Dean of Music at Sioux Falls College, who was known as

an outstanding choral director. But he already had the responsibility of his college choir, the First Baptist Church choir, plus the El Riad Shrine Chanters (he was later Potentate of the Shrine), and the Minnehaha Mandskor, a large ensemble of Norwegian singers. His time seemed well filled—in fact, too full. But the idea intrigued him.

"I'll tell you what," he told E. B. (Lefty) Peterson, Legion Club Manager, "if you'll get the Legion membership behind it, I'll find the time. Give me a year to organize the group. If I can't do something in that time we'd best let the matter drop."

The chorus started slowly, with only a few showing up for the Friday night rehearsals—and it was not until February, 1947, that as many as 32 singers were enrolled. But before the year was out the Sioux Falls American Legion Chorus was a fixture—it had arrived, not at maturity but was well along the road. Then ambition to compete with the best in the Legion began to stir—but funds were short and the Chorus had to abandon plans to attend the 1948 Convention at Miami. It compensated for this disappointment, however, by appearing before some 10,000 people at Sioux City, Iowa, sharing honors with the famed Monahan Post Band, seven times the Legion national champion.

But with eyes on the Philadelphia National Convention, the Chorus made some 20 public appearances in cities and towns in the tri-state area in 1949,

(Continued on page 36)

HUNDREDS OF POSTS USING STATEMENT OF DUES FORM

The Statement of Dues forms — furnished free by National Headquarters to Posts through their Department Headquarters — have proven most effective by hundreds of Posts in past years. Some Posts report returns of from 80 to 100 percent from the first notice. The forms come in sets of three — first, second and third notice — and are available to all Legion Posts without charge through their Department Headquarters.

Legionnaire's 100th Birthday

Dr. John D. Milligan, the nation's oldest Legionnaire, celebrated his 100th birthday at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on July 31, when he repeated his one prescription for a long life: "Put your trust in God." Major Milligan served as a medical Officer at Camp Custer, Michigan, and as chief of surgery at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in WWI. He is a member of East Liberty Post No. 5, Pittsburgh, Penna.

KANSAS LAD NAMED CHIEF OF LEGION'S BOYS' NATION

Cliff Thompson, 17, Fairway, Kansas, was elected President of the 1951 American Legion-sponsored Boys' Nation, held at Washington, D. C., during the week of July 22. Nominee of the Nationality party, he defeated Robert Morgan, 17, Charleston, West Virginia, Federalist party standard bearer, by a vote of 51 to 31. Eighty-five young representatives from 43 States made up the Boys' Nation.

Donald A. Johnson, Pittsburg, Kansas, won the Vice Presidency on the Federalist ticket, over Tom Boyd, Lufkin, Texas, 43 to 38.

Among other things the Nationalist platform called for stricter narcotics control, political science courses and diplomatic training in colleges; elimination of overlapping Government agencies and bureaus, and eventual formation of a Boys' World with delegates from every nation.

Through its annual Boys' Nation the Legion teaches selected high school youths the mechanics of the Federal Government. The delegates elect a President, sit as U. S. Senators, enact laws and visit the major Governmental agencies. Annual highlight is a White House reception, when the delegates are addressed informally by President Truman.

Postoffice at Convention Hall

Postoffice Post No. 311, Miami, Florida, has received permission from the Postmaster General to maintain an official American Legion postoffice for the convenience of visiting Legionnaires during the National Convention, October 15-18. The postoffice will be located at the City Auditorium, Bayfront Park, at Fifth Street and Biscayne Boulevard, just across the street from the Alcazar Hotel. It will be operated from Sunday, October 14, through Thursday, October 18. Mail addressed to Legionnaires in care of the Legion National Convention, Miami, will be handled. Legion postoffice staffers will meet all planes and trains and all such mail will be taken direct to the Legion postoffice.

CHILDREN OF VETS GIVEN EDUCATION AID IN STATES

Thirty-eight states and the District of Columbia now have legislation authorizing educational help for children of veterans. The National Child Welfare Division, which is completing a

TENNESSEE POST ENROLLS 1952 MEMBERS IN 6 DAYS

Winchester, Tennessee, Post leads off with a 1952 membership record. Starting on July 10 with a 1952 quota of 369, the Post membership teams cleaned up the job in six days with an advance membership of a full 400 for next year.

survey of major sources of help for sons and daughters of deceased and disabled veterans who desire to continue their education beyond high school finds that for the most part state aid is limited to children of veterans who were killed or who died as a direct result of service in World War I or II.

Help offered by the different states varies from free tuition at state-supported colleges to scholarships which cover almost all expenses, according to David V. Addy, of Detroit, Michigan, Legion National Child Welfare Chairman. A few states have already amended their laws to include children of Korean veterans, it was found. Most of the state laws on education of children of veterans were passed after World War I with active American Legion support and endorsement.

In addition, 38 Departments of The American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary or, in some instances, both, offer scholarships or educational loans for orphans or other children of veterans. More than \$50,000 in such Department-granted scholarships are now in effect, while revolving educational loan funds are available from the Departments to a combined total of nearly \$100,000.

Miami Sergeant-at-Arms

National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., has announced the appointment of Thomas Lamar (Doc) Jennings, Dawson, Georgia, as Sergeant-at-Arms of the 33rd annual National Convention of the Legion at Miami, October 15-18. Jennings, WW2 veteran, is a Past Commander of Davis-Daniels Post No. 133, Dawson; Past Commander of Georgia's 3rd Legion District, delegate to the last three Legion National Conventions and served as General Chairman of National Commander Cocke's official homecoming.

Women's Headquarters at Miami

Women members of the Legion who attend the National Convention at Miami in October will have a central rallying point at the headquarters hotel. Room 629 at the McAllister Hotel has been reserved for this purpose, which will be fitted as a lounge. A register will be kept at this room for the purpose of aiding friends to locate one another. The luncheon for women Legionnaires is scheduled for Wednesday, October 17, at 1 p.m. at the brand new Biscayne Terrace Hotel.

CARRY AN APPLICATION BLANK IN YOUR POCKET

Application for Membership in THE AMERICAN LEGION

..... 19.....

Name

Street Address

City Zone State

Occupation \$ American Legion Dues
Amt. Rec'd.

(Following add'l. data absolutely necessary for NEW members:)

Renew'g Member ()
NEW Member () Branch of Service Service Serial No.
Reinstatement ()

Date of Enlistment Date of Discharge

Character of Discharge

Do you subscribe to the principles of any group opposed to our form of government?.....

I hereby subscribe to the provisions on the reverse side hercof.

Secured by

(Applicant's Signature)

(This stub to be immediately delivered to Post Adjutant or Finance Officer, together with dues you receive from member, in order that official membership card can be promptly issued to such member.)

At left is a reproduction of an official application blank for membership in The American Legion. Clip it out—put it in your pocket—then speak to your neighbor, your baker, your druggist, the fellow who sits next to you at church, at your club, on the bus—or any other eligible person. Ask them to sign the blank and join your Post.

It would be a good practice for every Legionnaire to carry a few application blanks with him at all times. He will then be ready to sign up prospects at any time or anywhere. Try it out and see how well the plan works. "How about you for '52!" No salesman goes out to sell a product without order blanks—and that is what the application blank is.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Society of the 1st Division—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 6-8. Write C. M. Eymmer, Box 88, San Diego 7, Cal.

27th (New York) Infantry Div. Assn.—Annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 28-29; 107th Inf. Regt. Armory, Info from Lt. Col. Richard F. Connery, 107th Inf. Armory, 66th St. and Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

29th (Blue and Gray) Infantry Division—(both WWs)—32nd annual reunion, Newark, N. J., Oct. 12-14. Contact William E. Guthrie, Court House, Hackensack, N. J.

31st (Dixie) Infantry Div. Assn.—(both WWs)—Annual reunion and banquet, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7-8; Morrison Hotel—during Legion Dept. Convention. Info and reservations from W. A. Anderson, Secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

34th (Red Bull) Infantry Div. Assn.—4th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 15-16; Hotel Sherman, Contact R. D. Poole, Room 1331, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.

43rd (Winged Victory) Inf. Div. Assn.—5th annual reunion, Gröton, Conn., Sept. 14-16; Hotel Griswold. Information from Louis W. Schaefer, Room 200, State Armory, Hartford 6, Conn.

90th (Tough 'Ombres) Infantry Div. Assn.—(both WWs)—33rd annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 2-4. Information from Roy T. West, Executive Secy., 1023 South Robinson St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

91st (Wild West) Infantry Division—(both WWs)—33rd annual reunion, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29; Chamber of Commerce. Write Archie Walker, Secy., Drawer 2219, Seattle 11, Wash.

93rd (Buffalo) Infantry Div. Vets. Assn.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6-9; Hdqrs., 5649 State Street. Contact Jesse L. Carter, Natl. Commander, 6223½ Indiana Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

100th (Century) Infantry Division—4th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 7-9; Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Write Century Assn., P. O. Box 86, Hartford 1, Conn.

Natl. Assn. of Balloon Corps Veterans—20th annual reunion, Omaha, Neb., Oct. 6-10; Hdqrs., American Legion Club, 2026 Dodge St. Info from J. Wilbur Haynes, Adj., 4007 Farnam St., Omaha 3, Neb.

57th Signal Bn.—2nd reunion, Boston, Mass., Sept. 22; Copley Plaza Hotel. Write John A. Wishart, 62 Cabot St., Hartford 12, Conn.

841st AAAW Bn.—Reunion, Boston, Mass., Sept. 29. All members write Daniel D. McLaughlin, Secy.-Treas., 85 Grant Ave., Medford, Mass.

54th Armored Inf. Bn. Assn.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 1-3; Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Info from Gabriel H. Pollock, Publicity Director, 74 Beekman Ave., N. Tarrytown, N.Y.

156th General Hospital—Reunion, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 6; Sheraton Hotel. All members write Paul Schmidt, Jr., 6616 S. Wood St., Chicago 36, Ill., or Harriet G. Dexheimer, U. S. Marine Hospital, Detroit 15, Mich.

Co. L, 411th Inf., 103rd Div.—3rd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 13. Details from John Springer, 1322 Cornelia, Chicago 13, Ill.

7th Regiment Post No. 107, American Legion—33rd annual reunion and dinner commemorating the breaking of the Hindenburg line, New York City, Sept. 29, at the 7th Inf. Armory, 643 Park Ave. Info from Joseph Robins, Vice Commander, 643 Park Ave., New York City.

314th Infantry, AEF—33rd annual reunion, Reading, Pa., Sept. 28-30; Berkshire Hotel. Info from George E. Hentschel, Natl. Secy., 1845 Champlost Ave., Philadelphia 41, Pa.

Co. A, 107th Med. Bn., 32nd Div. (WW2)—Annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., October 13. Details from A. V. Gasta, 251 N. Monroe, Bay City, Mich., or John Dombrowski, 9546 Graham, Detroit 17, Mich.

Co. B, 137th Inf., 35th Div. (WW2)—Reunion, Holton, Kans., Sept. 23. Write Floyd A. McGehe, Secy., Holton, Kans.

110th Engineers, AEF—33rd annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 23; Aladdin Hotel. Info and reservations from George T. Raddant, Secy., 1708 Baltimore, Kansas City 8, Mo.

Base Hospital 26, (WW1)—31st annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 28. Write Robert B. Gile, Secy., 723 3rd Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

USS Solace, (WW1)—Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 3. Write Dr. Richard A. Kern, Temple University Hospital, 3401 N. Broad St., Philadelphia 40, Pa.

144th Infantry Par Oneri Club—(both WWs and NG)—Annual reunion, Dallas, Texas, Sept. 22-23. Details from W. J. Hefner, Secy.-Treas., P. O. Box 805, Fort Worth, Texas.

10th Station Hospital—Annual reunion, Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 14-16. Write Harlan V. Epand, 163 Sherman Ave., Waterloo, Iowa.

109th Engineers, (WW1)—Reunion, Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 28-30; Hotel Blackhawk. All members write E. W. Rockwell, 1815 Avenue E, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

O.R.D. and B.T.C. No. 10—Reunion, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 2-3; O'Henry Hotel. Write Thos. W. Hebing, 1946 E. Main St., Rochester 9, N.Y.

332nd Infantry Assn., (WW1)—Reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 1-2; Hollenden Hotel. Write L. W. Bentley, 716 Osborn Bldg., Cleveland 15, Ohio.

Crane and/or Burns City Naval Ammunition Depot—6th annual reunion Navy-Marine personnel above station, Bloomington, Ind., Sept. 1-3. Complete details from Dale J. Dickson, Secy.-Treas., RR2, Terre Haute, Ind.

26th Engineers, AEF—Annual Reunion, Miami, Fla., Oct. 15-18, with American Legion Natl. Convention. Information from Dr. Albert A. Fricke, Secy.-Treas., 246 S. Orange Dr., Los Angeles 36, Cal.

322nd Field Signal Bn., (WW1)—Reunion, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 3; New Tivoli Restaurant. Also, follow-up dinner at Los Angeles, Nov. 10. For info write J. A. Royster, Secy., 1027 Rose Ave., Oakland, Cal.

52nd Pioneer Infantry, AEF—32nd reunion, New York City, Nov. 10; Governor Clinton Hotel. Contact Thomas E. Sinton, Secy., 2257 University Ave., New York 68, N.Y.

3rd Bn., 110th Inf., (WW2)—Reunion, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 1-2; Colonial Hotel. Write C. L. Chataway, Secy., 822 Sheridan St., Monongahela, Pa., or make reservation direct with hotel.

Co. B, 540th Engineer Regt.—6th annual reunion, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N.Y., Sept. 1-2. Write W. C. Herron, 1328 West 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio, for details.

622nd Ord. Co., (Amm.)—5th annual reunion, Sioux City, Iowa, Sept. 1-2; West Hotel. Write L. L. McDaniel, Supt. of Light and Water, Columbia City, Ind.

181st Heavy Ponton Bn.—Reunion, Lily Lake (40 miles northwest of Chicago, Ill.), Sept. 2. Details from Michael Budzanoski, Secy., 27 Madison St., Cokeburg, Pa.

313th Inf. rtry, 79th Division—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Montaucon Post, American Legion, Club House, 924 St. Paul St. Info and reservations from Bartus E. Wigley, Adjutant, Montaucon Post, 924 St. Paul St., Baltimore 2, Md.

400th Armored FA Bn.—6th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 1; Hotel Van Cleve. Write W. E. Kornman, Chairman, RR2, Manning Road, Miamisburg, Ohio.

51th Signal Bn.—Annual reunion, Santa Cruz, Cal., Sept. 1-3; Casa Del Rey Hotel. Info from David H. Ferrari, 1339 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

332nd Infantry Assn.—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 1-2. Info from Wm. F. Crawford, Pres., 1252 Bonnieview Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

North Sea Mine Force Assn.—10th annual reunion, New York City, Oct. 12-13; Hotel New Yorker. Info from Jacob J. Kammer, Exec. Secy., 54 Walnut Ave., Floral Park, L. I., N.Y.

40th Engineer (C) Group—Annual Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 1-2; Hotel President. Info from John Franczak, 11120 Langley Ave., Chicago 28, Ill.

MR. COMMANDER—HERE'S A BIG MESSAGE FOR YOU

It's time to talk about membership and re-enrollment again and, Mr. Commander, this message from the National Membership and Post Activities Committee is addressed directly to you.

Membership is a Post operation—and Post operation is your responsibility. The Commander can not carry the entire load—he must have help—but the whole thing boils down to the Commander for initiative and direction. To you, Mr. Commander, the Post entrusted "supervision of all other officers."

Now, it is time for you as Post Commander to get your membership activities for 1952 under way. Don't trust to luck that your membership problem will solve itself. Such things never work out that way. You must plan this all-important work—and then work your plan. Organize your membership teams, and then see that they stay on the job until the field has been carefully worked.

Early membership is the secret to successful Post operation. A helpful brochure has been prepared by the National Membership and Post Activities Committee, outlining plans of organization and operation. Write National Headquarters for it if a copy has not been received.

The American Legion is as strong as its Posts are strong. Sound leadership reflects itself in a strong membership, as well as in activities.

Lovell General Hospital, Ft. Devens, Mass.—Reunion, all military and civilian personnel, WW2, Boston, Mass., Oct. 13; Hotel Bradford. Info from Manuel Monez, Jr., 66 Oaklawn St., New Bedford, Mass.

184th General Hospital and 684th General Hospital Complementary Co.—Reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 12-13; University Club. Members write Francis Della Rocca, 432 Quincy Ave., New York 61, N.Y.

547th Bomb Group, (Glatton Medics)—2nd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7-9. Details from F. T. Caruso, 244 Union St., California, Pa.

18th General Hospital—(New Zealand, Fiji Islands, Assam, India)—5th reunion and dance, New York City, September 22; Hotel Empire. Info and reservations (\$3) from Abraham Abramowitz, 320 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.

Radio Operators, WWI—Reunion dinner, Miami, Fla., Oct. 17, at 7 p.m.; San Regis Restaurant, 68th Biscayne Blvd. Member's register at National Convention headquarters. Info and details from George Bayard, Box 423, Cape Charles, Va.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

LST 48—Will shipmates who know of my fall from pier into river while attached to small boats at New Orleans between Dec., 1943, and Jan., 1944, please write, Frank R. Zito, 3 Carlisle Ave., Utica 4, N.Y.

3199th QM Service Co., 269th QM Bn., Camp Butler, N. C.—Will men who served with Embrey Robertson at above station in 1942 and '43, please write. Important that I hear from Capt. Richards, C.O., Sgt. Lane McClain, Pvts. Booker, (first name not remembered), Calvin Ray, Cliff Jenkins and Judson Thomas. Claim pending. Embrey Robertson, Route 1, Overton, Texas.

Provost Guard Co., Camp Kearney, Cal.—Will anyone who remembers me at this station, winter of 1918-19, please write. Need help to establish claim. Paul A. Scherlie, Dundee, Minn.

231 Station Hospital, England—Important that I contact Capt. Benjamin M. Hair, Medical Officer this hospital, July, 1944. Need statement. Mrs. H. E. Rhodes, 812 First Street, Apt. 8, Marietta, Ga.

Service Battery, 281st FA Bn.—Will men who served with me at Fort Sill and overseas please write, particularly Sylvester Rolfson, Mike Lukas, Bil Hurley, Paul Heider, Woody Campbell, Hank Ceburre, Jack Brooks and Julius Mizda. Need statements to support disability claim. Address George H. McTigue, 3687 W. 136th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

USS Vincennes, (CVL 23)—Will anyone who was in V-4 Division in 1943-44, please write. Statements needed for claim. George L. McNamara, 82 Willie St., Lowell, Mass.

Co. A, 64th Infantry AEF—The widow of Corp. Arthur Elmore needs your help to establish claim. Please write, Mrs. Arthur Elmore, R2, Box 22, Gilroy, Cal.

71st Engineers Light Pontoon Co.—Will anyone who served with me in China, India and Burma, or were in the hospital at Assam, India, with me, please write. Need statements. Arthur D. Evans, 17 Whiting St., Roxbury, Mass.

USS Lansin, (DE 388)—Urgently need to locate Pharmacists Mate Ponds or Pounds; will anyone who knows his present address please write. Statements needed. Stephen V. Salley, Jr., 307 Belmont St., Waymart, Pa.

1345th AAP Base Unit—Will anyone who served in this outfit in 1945 who knew Raymond Kranda please write Christine Kranda, LaMoire, North Dakota. Claim pending.

49th Ordnance MM Co.—Urgently need to hear from men who served with me in New Guinea and Luzon, March, 1943, to Jan., 1946, particularly Sanders of Texas, who was in hospital with me. Need help to establish claim. Jesse Cono, Rt. 10, Box 276, Houston, Texas.

2nd Service Command Postal Bn., N. Y.—Need to locate men who served with William H. (Tex) Kerr, Oct., 1942, to Dec., 1944, in this outfit, later transferred to 1580 Service Unit—and particularly from the men who were transferred from New York to Fort Knox, Ky. Claim pending; statements needed. Mrs. Thelma L. Kerr, Corinne, Utah.

Class G 42, Advanced Ordnance School NATTC, Jacksonville, Fla.—Will anyone in this class spring of 1944 who remembers me as being in sick bay, please write. Particularly Chief ACOM Donald R. Bass, Chief ACOM Swalkala, and the Chief known as the Keystone Cop. Claim pending. Orval G. Fowe, 11739 Angell St., Norwalk, Cal.

U.S. Navy, various ships and stations—Need to contact men who were with me at the Fargo Barracks, Boston; Naval Training School, Beloit, Wis.; Great Lakes Naval Training Station, USS Unimack, and in various hospitals. Harold J. Mellen, 121 Cross St., Lowell, Mass.

Co. A, 37th Training Bn., Camp Croft, S. C.—Will anyone who served with me at this station in November, 1941, please write. Help needed for claim. Joseph H. Miller, Rt. 3, Vernon, Ala.

615th Ammunition Co.—Urgently need to contact former members who served on Rossareo, North Luzon, in December, 1945. Write Harold K. Orr, P. O. Box 681, Caldwell, Idaho.

SPECIAL AWARDS FOR 1952 MEMBERSHIP ENROLLMENT

National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., has authorized a number of special membership awards for effort in the membership and re-enrollment campaign for 1952.

Post Commanders, Adjutants and Membership Chairmen of Posts which have a paid-up 1952 membership on September 15, 1951, surpassing their average membership of the past four years will receive a special *Testimonial of Appreciation* from the National Commander. The National Commander will also issue *Personal Appreciation Testimonial* cards to all Legionnaires who enroll 25 or more 1952 members, new or renewals.

A *Metal Chevron* award, suitably lettered, to be attached to the Post banner staff, will be made to all Posts reaching or surpassing the 1951 membership by Armistice Day, and an *Honor Ribbon* will awarded to Posts reaching or surpassing their 1951 membership by December 31.

Other awards for early membership efforts include the *Special Certificate of Most Distinguished Service* which goes to all Posts that re-enroll by November 11, 1951, and advance membership for 1952 equalling or surpassing the current year's membership.

The *Distinguished Service Citation* goes to all Posts attaining a membership for 1952 equaling or surpassing the pre-

AMERICANISM APPRECIATION MONTH

In order that all Americans may have an opportunity to re-acquaint themselves with the necessity for executing their obligations of citizenship, the National Americanism Commission has designated the month of November as Americanism Appreciation Month. A program dealing with four fundamental phases of community life, RELIGION, EDUCATION, ECONOMICS, and GOVERNMENT, has been developed for activation on a community level.

Many people have expressed a desire to do something for the good of America but don't know just what to do. The Americanism Appreciation Month program is the Legion's answer to hundreds of appeals for guidance and leadership in this era of uncertainty. It is a program which presents a challenge to all Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary. It is a program in which all Americans can combine their efforts in strengthening the bulwarks of individual freedom. It is a program through which a Legion Post can assume its rightful position as an aggressive, civic-minded body dedicated to serving God and Country.

Detailed information concerning the Americanism Appreciation Month program has been mailed to all Post Commanders and Auxiliary Unit Presidents.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA JUNE 30, 1951

ASSETS	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 517,696.23
Receivables	880,099.40
Inventories	499,098.91
Invested Funds	459,482.11
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	252,890.84
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,222,654.73
Real Estate less depreciation....	832,741.23
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation	306,590.32
Deferred Charges	74,277.25
	<u>\$5,045,531.02</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH	
Current Liabilities	\$ 231,348.20
Funds restricted as to use.....	501,298.64
Deferred Income	1,026,352.69
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	252,890.84
Employees' Retirement Trust	1,222,997.55
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund	23,464.13
Restricted Fund	17,939.98
Reserve for construction Wash office	784,806.45
Real Estate	80,000.00
Unrestricted Capital:	
Surplus	254,369.73
Excess of Income over Expense 6 months	646,067.81
	<u>1,806,648.10</u>
	<u>\$5,045,531.02</u>

vious four-year average membership by November 30, 1951.

The *Meritorious Service Citation* goes to all Posts attaining a membership for 1952 equaling or surpassing the previous four-year average membership by December 31, 1951.

MRS. LEAVITT, AUXILIARY NATL. VICE PRES., DIES



Mrs. Myron E. Leavitt

Mrs. Myron E. Leavitt, National Vice President of the American Legion Auxiliary, died in a hospital in her home city, Reno, Nevada, on Saturday evening, July 7. She had undergone major surgery and three days later succumbed to complications which resulted. Mrs. Leavitt, elected at the National Convention at Los Angeles in October, 1950, was actively in charge of the Western Division of the Auxiliary national organization.

Mrs. Leavitt was long active in civic and social affairs in the Nevada area, and had been one of the most active members of Auxiliary Unit No. 8 at Reno for nearly a quarter of a century. She served her Unit and District as President, and in 1945 was elected Nevada Department President.

Mrs. Leavitt is survived by her husband, Myron E. (Mike) Leavitt, WW1 veteran and active Legionnaire, and by three sons, two of whom are veterans of WW2.

Melody Champs

(Continued from page 33)

salting away the money earned in a travel fund. In addition, the Chorus gave concerts in the parks in its home city. Fifty-four singers made up the Chorus that year, and also made Legion history—and Chorus President Roy Fenner had a 50 man Chorus to win the second victory at Los Angeles.

Now after a season of some 25 public appearances the Chorus is putting in its best licks, looking forward to the competition at the Miami National Convention.

Get First Things Done First

Mr. Post Commander: Don't trust to luck. Plan your membership campaign for 1952 now. Get your teams of membership workers organized now and school them in the job of membership selling. Get first things done first!

Fred Vinson Day at Louisa

The Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court was distinctly honored in his home town, Louisa, Kentucky, when the whole area turned out to celebrate "Fred M. Vinson Day" on July 11. Highlight of the occasion was presentation of a gold Life Membership card by W. O. Johnson Post No. 89, which the Chief Justice helped to organize immediately after his discharge from service in WW1. The presentation was made by National Adjutant Henry H. Dudley. Chairman of the ceremony was Homer Wright, Jr., 9th District Commander.

4 FORDS TO BE GIVEN BY SEAGRAMS POSTS AT MIAMI

For the 5th time, Seagrams Legion Posts, located in New York City, Illinois and California, will give big prizes to lucky Legionnaires and Auxiliaries at the National Convention. This year, at the Miami National Convention, October 15-18, four Ford Victorias will be given, and in addition a cash prize of \$250 to each home Post or Unit of the winners. This is not a contest—there is nothing to buy, and Legionnaires and Auxiliaries do not have to be in attendance at the Convention in order to win—(see double-page announcement on Pages 26-27, this issue.)

Only qualification is you must be a member of The American Legion or the American Legion Auxiliary, and must record your membership card number on the coupon to be used at the drawing in Miami. In fact, qualified Legionnaires and Auxiliaries can send their names on a postcard or by letter, using the coupon printed on Page 26 as a guide—and all signatures must be clear. Entries for the drawing must be received at the Miami office—The Seagrams Posts, American Legion, Box 4340, Miami 26, Florida—not later than midnight, October 13, 1951. The final drawing will be made publicly at the Drum & Bugle Corps Contest, on Monday night, October 16, at the Orange Bowl.

Our New Privileged Class

(Continued from page 13)

American and anti-Soviet should be maligned and boycotted adds up to suicidal lunacy.

Mr. Moffitt for years had fought the communist gang then in control of the Screen Writers Guild, and Muscovite monkeyshines in the movie industry generally. His ability assured him steady work notwithstanding, besides which he served brilliantly as film critic for *Esquire*. In the fall of 1947, however, he went "too far." As a witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, he dared denounce Stalin's Hollywood playmates.

On returning to the cinema capital he found himself, like others among the so-called "friendly" or pro-American witnesses, a target for foul insults, a pariah—and without work. He was sacked by *Esquire* and no more assignments came to him from the studios. Nobody seemed to notice, let alone protest, this injustice and the victim retired to lick his wounds in obscurity. Fortunately he has begun to emerge from that obscurity through his anti-communist column, *The Cracker Barrel*, in the Los Angeles *Herald and Express*.

The Jean Muir side of the story is all too celebrated. To people in show business, fighting party-line influences in actors' guilds, she was known chiefly as a bitter and fervid adversary. Last year a documented compilation of radio and TV people mixed up in red-front enterprises, *Red Channels*, was published by *Counterattack*, a weekly newsletter dedicated to exposing communist skulduggery. Miss Muir appeared in the line-up, along with a few items from her political biography.

When she was assigned, soon thereafter, to a role in the television version of the Aldrich Family show—displacing Lois Wilson, a forthright foe of the communists who had carried the role competently on the radio—a number of irate citizens protested to the sponsors. The latter proceeded, maybe too hastily, to cancel the assignment, paying her off in full, reputedly to the tune of \$10,000.

Instantly the incident was seized upon by the left-wing howling squads in the press and on the air. Their carrying power again proved awe-inspiring, drawing impassioned echoes not merely in the south-paw press but in papers like *The New York Times*. In record speed the affair was bellowed into a *cause célèbre*. The Muir name became a banner, a slogan, and a club with which to beat "redbaiters."

In the floodtide of angry editorials, resolutions, forum arguments, sermons, everyone overlooked the minor fact that the *Red Channels* information was substantially correct; that Miss Muir had indeed figured as vice-president of the subversive Congress of American Women, and sponsored and supported other Stalinoid outfits. *Counterattack*, driven by the furor to dig more deeply into the lady's career, dredged up and published a dozen or so additional samples of her fellow-traveling—which the press did not deign to report. Nor did the people who were doing the protesting notice that the actress, having threatened to file libel suits, discreetly refrained from do-

ing so, although her spouse is a lawyer.

The Muir uproar, we may be sure, sounded ironical to the anti-communist Moffitts—to the throng of writers, artists, educators and just Americans who had been abused and penalized for attacking the Kremlin and its obscene works. They could not help recalling that there had been no hollering about justice and jobs, no storms of sympathy, when *they* were being pushed around by Stalinists entrenched in the publishing and entertainment fields, on the campuses, in government agencies.

The villain of the piece, of course, was *Counterattack*, put out by ex-FBI men who specialize in the underworld of red subversion. And here we must consider another Alice-in-Wonderland contrast.

Exposure—by private groups—of people considered dangerous to the community is hardly a new phenomenon. The Better Business Bureaus have been doing that for the past thirty years, with the support of the courts and public opinion. They have warned against swindlers of every variety, naming names. But no one has screamed "private vigilantes!" at them—that smear was reserved for *Counterattack*, which has exposed ideological swindlers and confidence men whose political rackets are infinitely more dangerous to American society.

At the political end, a good many private organizations—Friends of Democracy, for instance, and the Anti-Defamation League—have long been exposing alleged subversives of the non-communist brands. In 1944, to cite a specific case, Friends of Democracy filed with the Civil Service Commission a list of several thousand persons it accused of being "fascist," among them eminent Americans who were outraged by the charge.

We need not enter here into the pros and cons of such exposures. The significant fact is this: the papers and people who ganged up on *Red Channels* were strangely silent about similar and far more reckless listings of non-communist types of subversives by other private groups. Even in the war years, when the label of "fascist" was far more damaging than the red label today, they somehow forgot to lambaste outfits doing the *Red Channels* type of job on a larger scale.

Not until the exposures hit the Stalinist gentry, apparently, were the alarms about the Bill of Rights, due process and job tenure sounded. *Can we be blamed for surmising that some of the howlers, at any rate, are more concerned with protecting the communists than protecting personal freedoms?*

Consider yet another contrast, this one in the area of religion. Two men of the cloth, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz and Rev. John Howard Melish, both lost their pulpits in recent years—the rabbi for attacking the communists, the rector for defending them. Whatever the rights and wrongs of these cases, we might expect normal Americans to rally around the patriotic rabbi and to denounce the clerical fellow-traveler. But once more precisely the reverse came to pass.

Dr. Melish was removed as rector of a Brooklyn church by his Protestant Episcopal Bishop. The conflict revolved around the frankly pro-Soviet activities of the clergyman's son and assistant, Rev. William Howard Melish, then head of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship and a familiar figure in other pro-Soviet undertakings.

Quickly the Melish episode was inflated by "liberal" publicity into a burning challenge to freedom of faith. There was a spate of sympathetic editorials. Thousands of clergymen were mobilized to support the rector's legal battle for reinstatement. Though he lost in the courts, he was victor all the same: at this writing it appears that part of the congregation is trying to install the red-fronting son as successor to the father!

Benjamin Schultz, rabbi of Temple Emanuel in Yonkers, N. Y., for over twelve years, had long been troubled by the progress of communist corrosion in religious life, Jewish and Christian alike. In October, 1947 he therefore wrote three articles in the *New York World-Telegram* documenting and warning against this danger. It was a sober, balanced, irrefutable presentment.

Punishment followed swiftly. The Yonkers temple fired the rabbi within a month after the articles appeared, and he has been without a permanent pulpit since. The leftist press, reinforced by a vile whispering campaign, impugned his character and branded him a "fascist." In effect his pulpit career was wrecked.

Neither the civil libertarians nor the press, neither the commentators so sensitive on issues of thought control nor the clergy came to his defense. Rabbi Schultz had shown the articles on the Jewish phase of the subject in advance to the Anti-Defamation League, and made the few minor corrections it suggested. Yet when the rabbi became director of a newly-formed American Jewish League Against Communism, the Anti-Defamation League released a vicious attack on him; befuddled little men in other Jewish organizations picked up the cue and to this day continue to take swipes at Rabbi Schultz.

How does it happen that public opinion is always aroused in behalf of the Melishes and Muirs, rarely on behalf of victimized foes of communism? The answer is that this is no accident. It is the result of careful party-line strategy, organized and staffed by experts. There is an array of commie-front pressure groups, their agents spread through the land, trigger-ready to defend the fellow-traveler or outright communist who gets into hot water. Because these groups fly the flags of civil rights and justice, they can always round up the support of people honestly concerned with such values.

But the decent American who suffers at the hands of Sovieteering enemies stands almost alone. There are no patriotic counterparts of the Civil Rights Congress, the Lawyers Guild, the Committee for the First Amendment, to mention a few of the party-line "defense" groups. There is no

one whose task it is to publicize interference with the livelihoods and personal freedoms of anti-communists. The American Civil Liberties Union, which rushes into action to defend the lowliest communist in trouble in the backwoods of Arkansas, remains as calm as a Buddha when anti-communists are in difficulties.

When Mrs. Hester McCullough faced ruinous libel suits—her reward for protesting against pinko entertainers in her own community—there was no society geared to share her burden. Had she been a Muscovite fellow-traveler there would have been a great "National Committee to Defend Mrs. McCullough," you may be sure, with hundreds of ministers, professors, artists and other "prominent Americans" on its letterheads and its fund-raising activities. Neither did anyone give a helping hand to Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, when her attack on red marauders netted her a libel suit.

The late Janies McGuinness was the boldest fighter against movieland reds; he compounded this "crime" by testifying against them in Washington. Soon thereafter he was eased out by M.G.M. His friends insist that this expulsion hastened McGuinness' untimely death. Be that as it may, the fact is that there was no outcry such as accompanies the loss of a job by prominent pro-communists.

Belatedly the country begins to take the measure of the ersatz revolution that came to Hollywood. Those *de luxe* proletarians and three-car peasants, paying the Union Square racketeers for the fun of playing at cocktail communism, may seem comical to normal minds. The stuff of a great farce awaits the hand of a Morrie Ryskind. But it has been no joke to actors, writers, directors who refused to conform.

Only those close to the scene know how the disciplined, ruthless red minority ruled the roost for a dozen years and more; how they beat down newcomers unwilling to toe the party line; how they logrolled one another into jobs and power. Ten years

ago, in *The Red Decade*, I wrote of Hollywood:

"Under the tomfoolery there was plenty of tough self-interest. For the younger members of the colony, avid for the fatter fleshpots, Stalinism became the shortcut to success. At 'cause parties' they rubbed shoulders and bosoms with big shots they could not have met otherwise. Those who

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

tried to detour the revolution, unless they were stars well fixed in the firmament, found themselves slipping from favor. It was at once a movement and a lobby, a religion and a racket."

Little changed in the years that followed. Not until they were kicked in the box-office by Congressional hearings did the movie industry leaders even bother to recognize the existence of the problem. Their attitude toward the handful of picture people who dared tell the unpleasant truth—Moffitt, McGuinness, Adolph Menjou, Fred Niblo, Jr., John Lee Mahin, Rupert Hughes, Ryskind and the rest—was especially shabby. A local author and college instructor who knows the score, Oliver Carlson, in an article in *Plain Talk* (August, 1949), exclaimed with respect to the "friendly" witnesses:

"They have suffered long enough for being good Americans . . . The movie moguls did nothing to protect them from the insults, slanders and character assassina-

tions of the pro-communist stooges within the industry. On the contrary, aid and comfort was always forthcoming to the host of Stalin-lovers."

During the war, Patsy Ruth Miller, former star and successful writer, was assigned to do a movie script. Suddenly she was informed that the deal was off. Under her insistence, the director finally blurted out the reason. "A lot of people around town," he explained, had warned him that she was a notorious fascist and reactionary—the standard accolades she had won for fighting the crimson locusts. Postscript: there was no "Miller case" to match the future Muir case.

Bert Kalmer, song writer and lyricist, joined the one daring anti-communist group in Hollywood, the Motion Picture Alliance. Immediately he found himself under furious attack as "a Jewish anti-Semite." There followed a campaign of threats, both against himself and his son, then trying to get started as an actor, and Kalmer was forced to resign. Had it been just a matter of his own livelihood, he explained, he would not have yielded, but he felt he should not jeopardize his son's chances.

Referring to the activities of a couple of commissars in the movie city, labor columnist Victor Riesel wrote recently: "They conspired to kill jobs and reputations of good Americans so well that one patriotic specialist is now working as a machinist in Lockheed to keep from starving." The familiar pattern.

Even so firmly rooted a Hollywood figure as Hedda Hopper is not immune to the rawest kind of threats. Having mentioned in her column that she knew the names of communists in the industry, she was subpoenaed by the House Committee. Instantly a piece of unsubtle intimidation appeared in *Variety*.

Miss Hopper, the article generously conceded, has "a perfect right" to say what she wishes—but! "She is largely dependent on studio press aid for news, and there's some questioning as to whether such co-operation should be continued." The industry, *Variety* reminded her, doesn't like exposure of communists "and there's no reason for a supposedly pro-industry columnist to force a prolonging of the agony." In other words, her news sources would be shut off unless she held her tongue.

The article then followed up with a remark which, against the background of the Korean casualty lists, deserves some sort of Oscar for profit-cynicism: "It's a long-range dollars-and-cents proposition to the studios, who have in the can valuable properties of some of those already mentioned and others on whom Miss Hopper's testimony might throw doubt." Luckily Miss Hopper, who has been consistent in her Americanism, is not one to be scared silent.

The rest of the entertainment fields are no less polluted. Show people who stuck out their necks in defying red cliques in the guilds knew they were staking their professional heads. When Eddie Wragge came to the fore against the comrades at an AFRA meeting in Boston, he was aware of the risks. Sure enough, when his radio show ended there were no others; he took a job in a department store.

As an index to the extent of communism



among radio and TV scripters, here is what amounts to a public boast. The National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions is Moscow's leading "cultural" front in this country. Among other things it runs a School for Writing and Advertising Craftsmen. And the school advertises in the communist party press: "Writing taught by top radio-television scriptwriters." Could anything be cozier?

About a year ago the ABC network produced a notable series of anti-communist documentaries. They proved sensational and brought orchids to the brilliant young script writer, Morton Wishengrad. But he, too, apparently had to pay the price of patriotism. He had negotiated a big television contract which was about to be signed. As soon as his anti-communist show went on the air, the contract was mysteriously called off.

Let us turn to the academic world. If there were a roster of living patriots, Prof. Arthur P. Coleman would merit an honorable place on it. Had he been a fellow-traveler fired for party-line shenanigans, you would surely know the story; the howling squads would have seen to that. But it happens that he gave up his university post, after two decades of teaching, in protest against communist shenanigans—so he got only the Moffitt-type silent treatment.

Prof. Coleman's field is Polish language and literature. In 1949 the red puppet regime of Poland offered to endow a chair at Columbia—a brazen piece of red infiltration. The university saw fit to accept the gift. The first installment was paid by the red Ambassador at a cocktail party in the home of Prof. Ernest J. Simmons, an ornament of the Sovieteering crowd in those precincts.

All anti-communist faculty members were shocked by the episode. Professor Coleman decided to do something about it. He offered his resignation, specifying the reason. It was accepted. Professor Coleman was out in the cold, and worst of all, his sacrifice went unnoticed. The same public that is driven to near-apoplexy when some Stalinist teacher is ousted blissfully ignored the whole affair.

In any inventory of red-front supporters, professors always make up the largest single group. Names like Harlow Shapley, Ralph Barton Perry, Corliss Lamont, Dorothy Brewster are typical of hundreds; no great university is without its quota of Kremlin enthusiasts. Thus communists are being mass-produced on our campuses, thus young minds are being softened for the red virus.

The biographies of Alger Hiss, William Remington, Judy Coplon, Lee Pressman, Whittaker Chambers, and Miss Bentley provide case studies of the malignity; each of them was first twisted toward Moscow in college years. In the whole tongue-tied crew brought before the House Committee in 1947 in connection with Soviet espionage and infiltration, there was no farmer or workman or so-called "common man." Without exception they were college graduates, Ph.D.'s, *summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappas from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other great colleges.

The public indifference to this menace to its children, once more, can be explained

only in Alice-in-Wonderland terms. The occasional half-hearted effort to deal with the problem churns up cyclones of synthetic anger. Physicists who figure in the atomic espionage charges for which two culprits await death in the electric chair still teach in our halls of learning; one of them, Clarence Hiskey, was recently rehired by a Brooklyn institution after he was cleared, on a technicality, of contempt for refusing to answer Congressional questions about his communist connections. Aaron Copland, a composer whose fellow-traveling record fills two full pages in *Red*



Channels, has just been appointed to the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry, one of the most coveted professorships in Harvard. Small wonder that the bolder anti-communists on the faculties have found the going as difficult, the abuse as vicious, as their equivalents in Hollywood.

For years the appointment of the late Benjamin Stolberg to a teaching post in Columbia was mysteriously stymied. Shortly before his death he told me in detail how Stalinoid professors had managed this boycott.

Dr. J. B. Matthews, a professor who was sidetracked into fellow-traveling, had been in terrific demand as a university lecturer as long as he toed the Moscow line. He gave 250 talks in 48 states during seventeen years. But since he broke with the comrades and turned crusader against them, he has not been honored by a single invitation from any of those universities. For counterpoint, let it be noted that Gerhart Eisler, Moscow's cocky little emissary, spoke several times on university campuses while awaiting deportation!

This strange design holds true in the Federal Government, which is still crawling with people known to have been mixed up in red activities. Some have been technically "cleared," others are shielded by statutes of limitation, but everyone in Washington—and the FBI in particular—knows they are there. The attempt to dis-

lodge one of them is fought every inch of the way, to the drumbeat of national publicity.

Yet scores of big and little anti-communist officials and diplomats, including eminent personalities like William C. Bullitt, Joseph C. Grew, General Patrick J. Hurley, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Arthur Bliss Lane, have been hounded out of public life without the American people seeming to be aware of it. Men directly responsible for steering American policy into the tragic *cul de sac* of a Sovietized China and war in Korea—Acheson, Philip Jessup, John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent *et al*—have been retained or promoted. But Angus Ward, one of the few who stood up to the Chinese reds, has been sentenced to the obscurity of a minor job in Africa. (For the whole sad tale, see the new book by Freda Utley, *The China Story*.)

I come finally to the area with which I am most familiar, journalism and literature. Here something close to an intellectual red terror reigned in the heyday of communist influence. We faced a GPU of the mind that succeeded—through intrigue, calumny and job pressures—in directing cultural opinion into totalitarian ditches.

For a great many years famous and able journalists—John T. Flynn, Stolberg, Freda Utley, Irene Kuhn, Charles Yale Harrison, to mention a few—were virtually barred from magazines which had previously welcomed them. Their sin, of course, was that they had been rough on Stalin and his entourage. Such writers soon became aware of strange pressures against them even in the more conservative publications.

William Henry Chamberlin, long a contributor to *The Atlantic*, found its pages closed to him after that monthly abruptly turned left. Stolberg, long a contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*, was no longer welcomed on Independence Square after a fellow-traveler objected to being called a fellow-traveler. The man whose job it was to promote one of my own books was overheard telling book critics, on the eve of publication, to "just ignore it."

No one denies the right of editors to choose writers to their own taste. But let us keep the record straight now that sentiment at long last is veering against the Muscovite fraternity. They were pitiless and utterly cynical in persecuting anti-communists when it was still smart—and lucrative—to be red.

Recently I received a letter from Alice Leone-Moats, an American journalist residing in Mexico. Miss Moats was stationed in the Soviet Union in the earlier period of the Russo-German war. It was a time, let us recall, of hyperbolic adulation of everything Soviet, with *Mission to Moscow* setting the pitch and the OWI press-agenting the Kremlin's "democracy." It called for real courage to write a sharply anti-Soviet book, which Miss Moats had the temerity to do in *Blind Date With Mars*.

"At this time," she writes me, "when there is so much talk about witch hunting and redbaiting, it might be salubrious for the American public to learn about the witch hunts and baiting to which anti-communists have been subjected. . . . I was smeared as a fascist, a dangerous woman, a trouble-maker. My career as a political

reporter was ruined as effectively as the career of some government official dismissed for being a commie. But I could do much less about it, and nobody sprang to my defense."

Miss Moats speaks for any number of Americans who were smeared and economically punished for forthright support of American ideals. Any one of a thousand anti-communists could recount an *Ordeal by Slander* to make Owen Lattimore's whimpering lament under that title look like a picnic. The gang-up on W. L. White (*Journey for Margaret, They Were Expensible, etc.*) after he wrote his *Report on the Russians* is now a familiar classic of the comradesly technique.

The commie smears followed some writers beyond the grave, as witness the case of the late Jan Valtin. His *Out of the Night* was one of the worst blows suffered by world communism. So, in the words of a recent *Saturday Evening Post* editorial, "through their fellow-travelers in the press and in the government of the United States, the commies set to work." Their work paid off. It produced, among other things, an order for Valtin's deportation. Fortunately the government could not find a judge heartless enough to ship him back to the Nazi butchers of his native land.

The main item in the smear on Valtin was the lying claim that he was an "admitted Gestapo agent." The mendacity of it was obvious to anyone who read his book. After years in Hitler's torture chambers and with the consent of his then-communist comrades, Valtin pretended to enlist in the Gestapo: a trick enabling him to escape abroad, where he soon blasted both the red and brown afflictions. Yet when Valtin died last January, some obituaries — among them one in *The New York Times* — repeated the commie calumny as if it were a fact. The long arm of red vengeance reached into editorial offices to befoul the memory of a dead man.

The story of Angela Calomiris is well known through her book *Red Masquerade*. Here was a girl, a photographer by trade, enlisted by the FBI to infiltrate the communist movement in New York. This she did as a wartime duty, at considerable risk and without pay. Her role was disclosed when she appeared dramatically as a witness against the eleven top communists.

Except in Alice's Wonderland, she would have been treated as a heroine. Through long years she had carried the hated communist stigma as a patriotic chore. But strangely, many of those who had done business with her when she was known as a party stalwart now boycotted her! She was bitterly assailed, for instance, by the photo editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, one John Morris, a fellow who had lectured at the Stalinoid Photo League. Never again, he informed Miss Calomiris when she came for an assignment, could he look upon her as a photographer, but only as "a spy." On the same theory he would presumably have refused to deal with Nathan Hale.

The plain fact, savored to the full only by its victims, is that until quite recently outspoken opponents of red fascism risked their reputations, their livelihood, their peace of mind. I have alluded to typical episodes almost at random. The full story of their ordeal is too long, and to the un-

initiated must seem too incredible, to be recounted in an article.

Moreover, of necessity I have dealt with victims whose names mean something. But there are thousands of nameless ones, workers in red-controlled trade unions, "little guys" in government agencies and school systems and private offices, whose refusal to play along with the communists cost them their bread and butter. Anyone close to the merchant marine was aware of men with families to support who were kicked off ships for opposing the communist clique in the maritime and com-



munications unions. Ditto for the electrical and upholstery and office workers unions during their period of red control.

Today public opinion is swinging against the communist connivers. More and more of the shocking facts are being revealed. In the slow surge of popular resentment, a few dim-witted henchmen of treason and even innocent bystanders may be hurt. We must do our utmost to prevent this. *Each time an innocent is punished, the guilty have cause for jubilation.*

At the same time, however, we need to distinguish between honest champions of personal freedoms and the civil libertines interested only in shielding the conspirators, as evidenced by their failure to speak up when the shoe was on the other foot. They do not come into the court of public opinion with clean hands unless they also rallied to the defense of Mrs. McCullough, Rabbi Schultz, Ben Stolberg, Flynn, Moffitt and their kind. Sudden zeal for the Bill of Rights is suspect in persons who have not given unequivocal evidence of awareness that the greatest threat to all American values — and to civil liberties in particular — is represented by communism.

Moreover, we need to refute the exaggerations, as I said at the outset. The loudest wail of all was set up by Owen Lattimore. His case is far from closed. But already no margin for doubt remains that he played the game on the Krenlin's side, with dire

consequences to his own country. Yet he is in greater demand than ever as a lecturer; according to his own account he is treated as a hero by the Johns Hopkins faculty. The only economic sanctions he could cite as a result of his "ordeal" was the cancellation of an order for some of his books by a small college.

Even Alger Hiss, after eight out of twelve jurors in his first trial voted to jail him and the facts that ultimately convicted him were spread on the record, continued to lecture at a Quaker seminar and elsewhere. He remained on the Carnegie Foundation payroll until the day he was indicted, which was long after the famous "pumpkin papers" and his own tangled testimony had pointed to his guilt. Meanwhile Chambers had lost his job on *Time* — which was not restored to him despite his full vindication.

A few of the denizens of *Red Channels* have been removed from the airwaves. But the overwhelming majority of those listed continue to function as usual. One cannot switch on a radio or TV set, indeed, without hearing or seeing Philip Loeb, Leon Janney, Will Geer, and the rest.

I trust I have made clear that this is not a plea for indiscriminate boycott. On the contrary, I believe we should bend backward to avoid punishment of innocents and to help former reds honestly desirous of living down their blunders. But we need balanced judgment and perspective.

If there are people too ready to assume the guilt of anyone accused, even more automatically do other people assume innocence and rush to smear accusers of reds. Recall, as an example, how *The New Yorker* hastened to defend Hiss, then Remington, and to attack Chambers and Miss Bentley respectively. Few accused or even proven Stalin agents have suffered a tithe of the putrid abuse that has been the lot of people like Louis Budenz, Miss Bentley, Chambers, Joe Zack, Benjamin Gitlow, Paul Crouch — men and women whose communist past is being atoned for by subsequent services to their country.

We must give no quarter to excess. But the greater danger is that the organized wailing and howling may put brakes on — or even paralyze — the effort to unmask the red conspiracy. For this, let it be remembered, is the objective of the howlers and wailers. They are frightened by the fact that the old apathy and indifference of the American people seem to be breaking down at long last.

It was that apathy which made it possible for a small but energetic and disciplined minority to undermine American thinking and infiltrate American institutions. The urgent need today is for counter-measures on the part of the decent, patriotic majority. Our civic, religious, business, labor, fraternal and professional organizations, though many of them give lip service to the fight against communism, are still dragging their feet. They are content to applaud others, while doing nothing themselves.

The American Legion has a great historic opportunity to provide leadership and inspiration to the rest of our country. In helping to expose and neutralize the communist threat it can safeguard the human values for which generations of Americans have been ready, and are still ready, to stake their lives.

THE END

You Can't Tell 'Em Without Uniforms

(Continued from page 28)

on the Board. Later we accidentally met and compared notes. We discovered that we had 100 percent results. Nothing we recommended was adopted and ever since then I have had a high opinion of the mentality of the men who run the Naval Academy.

As a result of my labors, Admiral David Sellers suggested I should join the Naval Reserve. A courtesy graciously offered should be graciously accepted. I said, "Yes." And thus to my amazement, I was now, three years later, on a Norfolk-bound steamer.

Besides *Naval Customs, Traditions, and Usage*, I had been given a pamphlet on naval secrecy. It was very helpful. A friendly little man with gray hair and a sack suit was trying to get my eye. The next morning he even invited me to ride with him, but I declined. The world situation was so grave we Navy men had to be supercautious.

That afternoon the Commanding Officer of the station asked me to drop by to visit the Admiral. His name, highly revered in navy circles, was Taussig. Of course, it was my friend from the N. and W. steamer. While I had not known that admirals belonged to the visible empire of the Navy, my first impression was decidedly favorable.

But when I made a notation in my diary that night, the one the Navy made me throw away later, I wrote, "Admirals should wear clothes!"

Perhaps I should have been on my guard. Previously, on the day I received my commission as a lieutenant commander, I attended an Iowa State Society dinner at which I met a scholarly, quiet gentleman who had something to do with the Navy (I found out later he was both Chief of Naval Operations and the acting Secretary of the Navy), and I asked him whether a lieutenant commander was more important than an admiral.

He said, "There are two schools of thought," which I thought a very diplomatic answer, "but I urge you, if you ever go on active duty, to join the right school."

These words came from Admiral William Leahy, with whom I was destined to be associated more intimately in the post-war battles of Washington.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, a friend of mine was traveling to the West Coast. My friend is almost psychic. He says he can tell a clergyman anywhere. And I hasten to add: he also tells him everything. On this occasion, he spotted a square-jawed, white-haired man of the cloth and proceeded to tell him what happened at Pearl Harbor and how we should run the war. It was almost a week before my friend saw the photograph of that "cleric," who turned out to be an admiral named Chester Nimitz.

This business of admirals out of uniform struck me with great force in the fall of 1941. Vice Admiral John Dale Price, one of the Navy's foremost aviators, later Deputy Chief of Naval Operations, had just taken command at the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Florida. We became close friends. One day I arranged a fishing trip for him. That evening I picked him up at

the beach. As trophies of his day of fishing he had two live raccoons, a fact which he has never been able to explain satisfactorily, but Admiral Price is a remarkable man.

On our return to the Station, still wearing his fishing clothes, he decided the raccoons should be incarcerated in the stables located in the ammunition area of the Station. At that time in my naval career I never questioned the judgment of a commanding officer.

"I'll drive you to the stables," I said, "but you argue with the Marines."

Our progress in the dark and untraveled area of the Station was soon halted by a



Slipping on a dressing gown, Admiral Denfeld visited the veterans in the noisiest room.

Marine who had a nasty-looking gun and reminded me of a hornet aroused from its slumber. The following conversation took place:

Marine: "Halt, who goes there?"

Admiral: "The Commanding Officer."

Marine: "Advance and be recognized."

I gently nudged John out of the car. As

a chaplain, I wouldn't really do my work until he was shot.

Marine: "What's your name?"

Admiral: "Price."

Marine: "I never heard of you."

Admiral: "Who is the commanding officer of this Station?"

Marine: "Colonel Gowan, I guess." (The Colonel was in charge of the Marine detachment.)

About that time the Marine was reinforced. Two more Marines, one a sergeant, and both with guns.

Admiral: "Call Colonel Gowan and ask him who is the commanding officer of this Station."

Marine Sergeant: "I will."

In about five minutes we heard the roar of a motor and the Marine officer of the day, extremely apologetic, conducted us toward the stable.

On the way home, I spoke my mind.

During the remainder of my long and happy association with Admiral Price, he always protected me from Marine sharpshooters by wearing his stars.

In our time no name is held in higher reverence among Navy men than that of kindly "Uncle Louie" Denfeld, who sacrificed his naval career to bring home the inadequacy of our national defense.

In a postwar rally of veterans at St. Louis, Admiral Denfeld found that the celebration in his hotel precluded sleep. Slipping on a dressing gown, he went to the noisiest room. His arrival was treated as a matter of course, he was handed a drink, and the party continued. Army sergeants as well as CPOs were slapping him on the back and calling him Louie. Then a naval officer on active duty entered.

"Holy Moses," he said, "where did you get the Chief of Naval Operations?" That broke up the party.

Much of my naval career was spent in the shadow of Vice Admiral John H. Cassady, whose shadow is not very large but whose eyes sparkle, so much so that a radar operator in our task force complained that the admiral's eyes were always jamming up his apparatus.

Vice Admiral Cassady was skipper of the *USS Saratoga* when I joined the ship. It was an attack from the *Saratoga* and the old *Princeton* which put seven Jap cruisers, according to later revealed Japanese Intelligence reports, out of commission at Rabaul on November 5, 1943.

Life with Admiral Cassady never had a dull moment. After the Gilbert Islands and Marshall Islands campaign, we headed for the Indian Ocean. We were to function as part of the British Eastern Fleet.

At the port of Trincomalee on the northern tip of Ceylon, we found a berth and a hearty welcome. Admiral Sir James Somerville came aboard to give a talk which I thought a definite morale-booster.

Later in the ward room I found the air group much disturbed. Or at least its commander, the famed "Jumping Joe" Clifton. Joe, a gentleman from Paducah, Kentucky, had seen the admiral in shorts and had been informed by some members of the group that such was to be the official attire. He was indignant. He was also bow-legged from making touchdowns for Annapolis (which definitely dates him) and he appealed to me, as the champion and defender of naval morals, to protect him from wearing shorts!

The flight deck of the *Saratoga* revealed many peculiar costumes, inasmuch as five flags were flying in the British Eastern Fleet. Our sailors rejoiced in learning first hand about a new world. I am happy to report that no change in uniform was ever suggested. It was while the *Saratoga* was in the Indian Ocean that news of the selection of Captain Cassady for the rank of Rear Admiral reached the ship. Now that he is Vice Admiral and I am secure in the inactive reserve, one more tale of a crisis may be told.

On April 3, 1944, Admiral Somerville again visited our ship. British Intelligence had been at work: "This," he said, "is your Captain's birthday."

Admiral Cassady, even after thirty years in the Navy, blushes as eloquently as his eyes sparkle.

(Continued on page 44)

Veterans Newsletter

SEPTEMBER 1951

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

SENATE PASSES VET AID BILLS:

Passing the last legislative hurdle, the Senate on July 23 gave final approval to five bills of direct veteran interest . . . The bills had previously been passed by the House . . . Senate approval is next-to-last step — the bills were sent to the White House for the signature of President Truman . . . These bills are: H. R. 315, liberalizing service pension laws for Spanish-American War veterans . . . H. R. 1072 and H. R. 4000 authorizes the renewal of NSLI and USGLI term policies for an unlimited number of times — in other words, legislation will not be required at the end of each five-year period to permit vets to carry the WW1 and WW2 term policies . . . H. R. 3549 removes a condition that widows must be dependent in order to obtain pension for their husband's service in the Civil War, Indian Wars and Spanish-American War.

H. R. 3193 authorizes a new pension of \$120 per month to helpless and blind veterans "requiring regular aid and attendance" by another person, regardless of whether the disability was incurred in service . . . This pension (when bill is signed by the President) will be available only to persons with less than \$1,000 annual income if single, or \$2,500 if they have dependents . . . The sharp-pencil experts estimate that the law will benefit 23,700 WW1 vets; 400 WW2 vets; 50 Spanish-American War vets, but no estimate could be made of the Korean War vets who will be affected.

DISABILITY COVERAGE NOT BARRED:

In an official Administrator's decision, VA has ruled that the recent enactment of the Servicemen's Indemnity and Insurance Acts of 1951 does not bar the right to apply for addition of the disability income provision to existing USGLI and NSLI policies . . . The new legislation (Public Law 23, 82nd Congress) provides a free indemnity of \$10,000 for persons in military service, and prohibits the issuance of new policies under the old plans, but protects the right to reinstate or convert such policies . . . The principle involved in the decision is one that provides income to the insured of \$5.75 (for USGLI) or \$5.00 (for NSLI) per month for each \$1,000 of insurance to which it is added, in the event of total disability lasting six consecutive months or more . . . The disability protection feature is available at an additional premium cost to all holders of NSLI or USGLI policies which were originally granted on or before April 25, 1951 . . . Only restrictions are that the veteran is required to be in insurable health at the time he applies for the disability coverage, and is within the age limitation — under 65 for USGLI and under 60 for NSLI.

ANNUITIES FOR PANAMA CIVILIAN VETS:

Old timers in Panamal Canal service between May 4, 1904, and March 31, 1914 (which includes a lot of WW1 vets), may be entitled to the liberal benefits granted under Public

Law 319, 78th Congress, of which they are not aware . . .

Civilian employees of the Isthmian Canal Commission or the Panama Railroad Company who served three years and not more than four years between the dates given above are entitled to an annuity of 40 percent of their annual basic salary; 50 percent if they were employed for four years and not more than six years, and 60 percent if such service was for more than six years . . . The Act also provides for widow's benefits under certain conditions . . . Administration of the law is under the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D. C.

INDIANA BONUS CHECKS RETURNED:

Mailing of Indiana State bonus checks to disabled veterans and next-of-kin of deceased veterans was started on July 2 . . . Nearly 1,000 checks have been returned to the office of State Auditor Frank T. Millis because of improper addresses, many because the beneficiary has moved or died since filing application for the bonus . . . Act of recent Legislature authorized payment to disabled and next-of-kin — others will be paid later . . . If in the above group and check has not been received, write Frank T. Millis, State Auditor, Indianapolis, Indiana.

WHERE OUR TROOPS ARE LOCATED:

Eighteen Divisions stationed at scattered points on four of the five continents form the combat core of our new Army . . . Troops of the Far East Command are the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 24th and 25th Infantry and 1st Cavalry Divisions . . . These outfits have borne the brunt of the Korean fighting . . . In Japan are the 40th and 45th Infantry Divisions . . . The famous 1st Infantry Division, kept on European occupation duty since WW2, has been joined by the 2nd Armored and 4th Infantry Divisions, and will be joined later by the 28th Infantry, now at Fort Atterbury, Indiana, and the 43rd Infantry Division, now at Camp Pickett, Virginia . . . Standing in reserve readiness and in training are the 11th and 82nd Airborne; 1st Armored, and the 31st and 47th Infantry Divisions.

HOMES FOR WHEELCHAIR VETERANS:

Nearly 3,600 seriously disabled veterans have established their right to Federal grants for "wheelchair" homes . . . Act was first passed in 1948 and later amended to make eligible all vets of war or peacetime service since 1898, whose service-connected disabilities resulted in the loss, or loss of use, of both legs . . . VA determines whether applicant's disability is within scope of law, and if so is authorized to defray 50 percent of the cost of such homes up to a maximum of \$10,000 . . . The homes incorporate such special features as ramps instead of steps, doorways wide enough to accommodate a wheelchair, special bathroom fixtures, and exercise rooms adapted to the individual need.

Which is your choice — wet or dry ?



WET FLY
Quill Gordon



DRY FLY
Royal Coachman

WET FLY vs. DRY FLY: Fishermen have been arguing this one for years — particularly men who fish for trout or Atlantic salmon.

The dry-fly fisherman claims you get more thrills when the fly is always in sight so you can see the fish rise to take it. While the wet-fly partisan argues that the thrill is greater when the fly remains below the surface, thus adding the element of surprise as the line tightens to the strike.

Actually, in high white water, the wet fly is usually preferable, while the dry fly is at its best in still water. But, *you're the expert* — you've tried *both* and made up your own mind.



YOU'RE THE EXPERT in choosing whiskey, too! You'll find a big difference in whiskeys . . . in smoothness, mellowness and freedom from harshness. That's why we urge you to make your own taste test between Calvert and *any* other whiskey.

MAKE THIS 60-SECOND TASTE TEST: Just ask a friend or barman to pour $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of Calvert into a glass, and the same amount of any other whiskey into another—*without telling you which is which*. Compare each one for smoothness, flavor and freedom from bite, burn or sting. Then pick the one that *really* tastes better to you.

Naturally, we believe you'll choose Calvert, because it is blended to a taste determined by a "Consumer Jury" of thousands of folks like you.

But if you still prefer another brand, stick with it. *Fair enough?*



Calvert Challenges Comparison

with any whiskey . . . at any price !

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 41)

We had arranged a birthday dinner in the ward room at which all officers not on watch were present, with a string quartet, and the old Sara never witnessed a gayer evening.

Then the officer of the deck reported, "A message from the Admiral to be delivered personally to the Captain."

At the Captain's right, my heart sank a bit. Had the Japs found out it was his birthday and were they sending us a surprise party?

"Have the message delivered here," said the skipper.

There was a slight commotion at the door. The British Marine sergeant, with four formally dressed Marines, came into the ward room bearing a barrel labeled, SARATOGA NON-ALCOHOLIC PUNCH.

There was a deep silence and then a cheer. All eyes were focused on the Captain. Although we were under British command, we still worked under U. S. naval regulations which forbade liquor aboard ships.

Vice Admiral Cassady incidentally had two years as naval attaché in Italy and he at once proved that he is not unskilled in the art of diplomacy.

"Chaplain," he said to me, "you sample that thing to find out whether it is non-alcoholic."

The eager-beaver strain in me had long before disappeared, but an order was an order.

Parenthetically I might add that en route to Trincomalee we had stopped at Perth in Australia. There a concoction known as a purky-wurky cocktail was served. It was the first premonition we men of the Navy

had of the discovery of atomic energy. To anyone who had tasted this beverage, an atomic explosion was strictly anticlimax.

One taste of the punch and I remembered Perth. There came to my mind a painting of the Boston Tea Party. I saw not only the barrel going over the side of our ship but alas! the chaplain with it.

"Democracy," I reported to Admiral Cassady, "is a great thing. We live in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let everyone here sample this punch and we shall then vote on its non-alcoholic quality."

Two hundred glasses soon emptied the barrel. It is one of the regrets of Admiral Cassady's life that he never found out what the British admiral sent him.

But a few minutes later, his eyes began to sparkle.

"Call the Marine captain and break out a Marine guard of four men," he ordered. "Fill that barrel with twenty tins of ice cream and deliver it personally to the admiral."

The British admiral's eyes twinkled as the barrel labeled SARATOGA NON-ALCOHOLIC PUNCH was returned to his quarters. The British were very fond of ice cream and this would be a treat for his whole ship.

"Sit down, men," he told the Marine messengers. "What'll you have to drink?"

The four Marine privates and the sergeant were not sure they heard correctly.

"How about some ale?" said the admiral.

The Marines looked at each other and nodded.

I choose not to complete this bit of naval history save to record that the British won the battle of Trincomalee.

To return to the matter of attire: In the

hectic days at Guadalcanal, Admiral Bill Halsey was alerted for some Jap bombers. He dived into a foxhole, already inhabited. He was not attired for an evening call.

"Whoinell might you be?" inquired a voice from the darkness.

"I might be Admiral Halsey," was the answer.

"Okay, bud, but be sure you ain't. That old so-and-so's been holding up my transfer."

Rough though their experiences in the Pacific and the Atlantic in World War II, rougher still was the treatment accorded admirals on their return to Washington when the merger battle was on. At that time in an open letter to the *Washington Evening Star*, I recalled that twenty had died in the service of their country.

The next morning a call came from Admiral Nimitz's aide.

"Chaplain, you were wrong. There were only sixteen."

"Couldn't you shoot four more and make an honest man out of me?" I asked.

There was a startled pause. Evidently the High Command had to consult on the matter. Then came the answer:

"No but there are eight who are willing to get half-shot to keep you straight."

That fine spirit of cooperation has, of course, endeared the regular Navy to us reserve officers. My allergy to those wearing stars disappeared after five years in the service. This article would not be written were it not for confident assumption that I shall not be recalled to active duty. Should the fates and BuPers ordain otherwise, I wish to state that any similarity between names used in this article and living characters is wholly coincidental.

THE END

A Miracle in the Hospitals

(Continued from page 21)

patients in hospitals that are often on limited staff. And these useful duties keep the Volunteers in constant touch with the patients.

Volunteers may also specialize in highly skilled services needed in the hospitals that are to their own private liking. Ethel Bement, because she has been in constant attendance, has done all the above work as a matter of course, and has specialized in personal service to the hospitalized veterans and as a constant contact between the Legion and the patients.

Her steady attendance at the hospital has provided a medium for Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units in New England to give unusual service to the patients at White River Junction. In a drawer in Ethel's desk are hundreds of coupon books worth a dollar each at the hospital canteen. Scores of New England Legion Posts provide these books and put them in Mrs. Bement's custody to be issued free to veteran patients from the home town of the Post which supplied the coupons. Other coupon books are provided by the Auxiliary, to be issued by Ethel to patients from any town whose Post has not supplied coupons.

Like Auxiliary Volunteer workers in many VA hospitals, the Auxiliary in Vermont runs a gift shop at the White River

Junction hospital. At Christmas time a patient need only go to the gift shop and indicate what he would like to send to his wife and children—and his Christmas shopping is all done. It's on the Auxiliary.

Of the many gifts sent in by the Legion and the Auxiliary in New England, Ethel earmarks some each year for the patients themselves. A list of these gifts is presented each patient and he is asked to check which, of all the list of items, he'd like most himself. On Christmas day he gets the item he checked.

A veteran who had not long to live jokingly checked every item on the list at a recent Christmastide. On Christmas morning, one each of every item on the list reposed at his bedside.

Perhaps Ethel Bement's most important job has been that of private messenger and confidant of the patients. Recently other Volunteer Workers have taken over more of the ward duties and Ethel has had "the desk," and the special errands and problems department. Now her day usually begins with a trip "down street" into town, in her hand a long shopping list for patients. She may take shoes to be repaired, or eyeglasses to be fixed—or get some batteries for hearing aids. She has renewed driver's licenses for patients, bought bus tickets. "I do anything for them that can't

be done at the hospital," is the way she sums up her errand duties.

Anybody could be envious of the trust patients place in her. One patient asked Ethel to write his will. Another did not want anyone to cash his checks for him but Ethel, though VA has an official system for such things. Another patient caused all kinds of trouble one morning when he was being transferred from the hospital to a soldiers home (known as a domiciliary facility.) Ethel was out running errands, and the veteran would not budge from the hospital until she arrived to examine his affairs and approve of his transfer. An ambulance stood by to transport the veteran to the domiciliary facility, and it waited without its passenger until Ethel Bement arrived and gave the procedure her blessing. That made it OK.

One patient was given a week-end furlough home not long ago, but no transportation could be found for him. Ethel, of course, drove him the forty miles in her car.

A mild NP patient, who was given week-end furloughs into town as a necessary part of his readjustment, couldn't pass a bar without going in and drinking up all his money. This habit bothered him as much as it did the doctors. Finally he started coming to Ethel before each furlough to

leave nearly all his money with her over the week-end.

For plain pot luck in the field of service, Ethel thinks her job as a housing expeditor in New York City takes the cake. A badly disabled veteran at the Vermont hospital had enjoyed all the benefits medicine could provide. Under Public Law 16 the next step was to discharge him from the hospital and send him to a school in New York City for what is called vocational rehabilitation—that is, train him for work he could do with his disability. But he remained at the hospital because VA efforts to find a place he could live in New York got nowhere. On a Monday, Ethel Bement, who has spent nearly her whole life in Vermont, recalled the name and address of a young woman in New York whom she had met just once. Ethel wired this acquaintance and explained the problem. On Wednesday a telegram arrived at White River Junction. It was from the girl Ethel had wired, and said a room was waiting for the disabled veteran in a building right across the street from the school he would attend.

Things were not always as they are now in veterans' hospitals. Ethel's first hospital experience began in the late thirties, when volunteer work was not well organized in the VA. Then a man had a cigarette and candy concession in White River Junction hospital. He pushed a cart from ward to ward selling his wares to the disabled veterans at a small profit.

The pushcart concession folded for one reason or another, and the Legion Auxiliary filled in the lost services to the veterans by furnishing many of the needed items through gifts from Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units. (Husband Frank Bement acted as Legion Liaison Officer at the hospital in his spare time and told Ethel what had happened.) The Red Cross had a desk at the hospital, so Ethel Bement joined the Red Cross and became a Grey Lady, to distribute the Legion and Auxiliary gifts. This improvised service lasted until 1946.

In fact, Ethel Bement's story is but an example of a miracle that has come over the veterans hospitals in the last five years. Little seen or little known on the outside, it has been a miracle made of equal parts of an old, old devotion and a brand new breed of common sense.

Put very briefly and very baldly, what happened was that in 1946 the Veterans Administration stopped trying to be nice and polite to the many outside groups of ladies who had been trying to help hospitalized veterans ever since World War I. All of a sudden, the VA took these underfoot ladies into its confidence and told them it would like to put them to work—which is what they had always wanted.

The VA had organized another alphabet combination—and a good one. The fancy handle for this new miracle of common sense is The Veterans Administration Volunteer Service, or VAVS. VAVS is neither more nor less than a set-up in the VA hospitals which (a) affords skilled training in hospital duties to volunteer workers such as the women of The American Legion Auxiliary, (b) gives them a definite place in the work of the veterans hospital where they volunteer their services, and (c) unites the efforts of all outside groups into one



Advertisement

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

The Cow That Can't "Run Dry"

Sandy Johnson showed me his Jersey cows last week. It was a warm day and they were all under the trees near a watering trough.

And darned if one cow wasn't pumping water into the trough! It's a fact—she'd raise the pump handle with her nose, and use her throat to push it down again.

"That's Mabel," Sandy explained. "Sometimes the cows drink that trough dry, and she's learned how to fill it again. But she doesn't know her own strength—turns the place into a swamp if we don't watch her."

From where I sit, Mabel isn't the only one who sometimes doesn't know where to stop. For instance, people often carry personal opinions too far—like the person who wants everyone to accept *his* choice of political parties, or ballplayers . . . or beverages. I prefer a glass of beer with my meals. I know that a lot of other people prefer milk. But nobody ought to insist on "herding" others around to his way of thinking.

Joe Marsh

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smooth-running Volunteer Service in each VA hospital.

Simple? Ever since War I women of The American Legion Auxiliary have been voluntarily serving the maimed and sick in the veterans hospitals who have suffered in the service of their country. Yet until 1946 much of the effort made by volunteers was discouraging and wasteful, and much willing womanpower turned sour or went unused. Often the desire to assist the hospitals and brighten the lives of the hospitalized veterans turned into a marathon toe-stepping contest. Many a girl with the right spirit ended up standing in a hospital corridor with that what'll-I-do-with-my-hands feeling. Many a doctor or nurse passed her by and tried to think of a polite way to get her back to her own kitchen.

Of course plenty of our girls were stubborn. They knew a bedridden human being is cut off from home and life and work, and his spirit can wither and die in isolation or turn inward in self pity in spite of all the medical attention in the world. In the face of the discouragements, girls of the Legion Auxiliary and the Red Cross, and the VFW and the DAV and many other organizations never gave up. They invented programs, organized visits to the sick veterans, brought gifts, held parties, sponsored the poppy program. After twenty-five years a hard core of volunteer workers was pretty good at this work, and the best of them were always welcome to patients and hospital staffs alike.

Even so, a lot of womanpower had dropped by the wayside; there wasn't necessarily any connection between what a group of volunteers would plan for the patients and what the hospital had in mind for them, or between what one group of volunteers might plan and what another might plan. And, as has been amply proved since 1946, the VA and the hospitalized veterans had not come close to realizing the full capabilities of a well-organized volunteer service.

The American Legion Auxiliary welcomed the formation of VAVS in 1946. The Auxiliary immediately held a National Volunteer Hospital Workers School in Detroit, early in June of 1946. Representatives of 49 Departments of the Auxiliary came to Detroit. National schools were held again in 1947 and 1948, at Chicago and Des Moines. Ethel Bement attended all three schools. She and the other delegates to these schools went home and gave instruction and training to Auxiliary Volunteers in their home states and hospitals. VAVS advisory committees were formed in the hospitals, under VA Special Services, with all outside organizations meeting together to form a master plan of volunteer service for each hospital.

It is from these beginnings that we now have 9,000 Legion Auxiliary Blue Ladies giving a half million hours of skilled service a year in 137 VA hospitals, with 725 Volunteer Workers already wearing the 1,000-hour bar.

In VA hospitals across the country Auxiliary Volunteers now render a wide range of service which is growing steadily as their skills increase and their capabilities are recognized. Instead of the here-I-am—what'll-I-do attitude, a potential volunteer finds an organization that will qualify her as a Volunteer Worker after fifty hours of indoctrination. When she has been trained she has official recognition with all the trimmings, including a diploma and the right to wear a uniform. She can take further training for specialization if she wishes. She may go into Nursing Service, Social Service, Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation Service, Library Service, Recreation Service, Chaplaincy Service, Canteen Service or some special service to meet the needs of the particular hospital.

Auxiliary Volunteers will be found pushing wheel chair patients to recreation rooms or out into the sunshine of the hospital grounds. They feed paralyzed patients, give physical therapy exercises, operate



"Here it is: 'For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in...'"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

hospital libraries, write letters, guide visitors, care for visiting children, contact families, and do a thousand and one other things to make life brighter and recovery speedier for hospitalized veterans.

A brand new field of medicine, first developed in the Army Air Force in World War II, is the specialty known as Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. It is the business of making injured and sick people well by getting them off their backs and making them live again. There are scarcely more than 150 doctors in the country who are specialists in this field, one of whom is Dr. Herbert Kent at the Cold Spring Road VA Hospital in Indianapolis. This new specialty has a large place in the work of Auxiliary Blue Ladies, as may be seen in a letter sent me recently by Mrs. Star Brown, Auxiliary chairman at Cold Spring Road Hospital.

Mrs. Brown is part of another husband and wife team. Her husband, a badly disabled veteran, is the Legion's Hospital Chairman for Indiana. Mrs. Brown wears the 1,000-hour bar. Her letter on volunteer work at Cold Spring Road Hospital follows:

"We have 52 Auxiliary Volunteers assigned to this hospital, most of whom are on duty one day each week, spending from two to three hours to a full day—according to the work they do. Those working in the central supply room, the library or the medical rehabilitation division, for example, are on duty from 8:30 in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon, while a Volunteer whose work is to show 16-mm movies in wards of bedfast patients might be at the hospital only two or three hours on her day of duty.

"In the physical medicine and rehabilitation division we have ten regular volunteers and five alternates, with two workers on duty all day every day in the week.

"Here we work with the amputees, the paralytics, polio and accident victims, helping teach them to use their remaining abilities to perform activities inherent in daily living. We work under the physician and professional therapists, giving the patients the personal attention and motivation so helpful to them during the long hours of training they require. We walk with them on the long road back.

"We help teach them how to get from bed to wheelchair, how to operate a wheelchair, how to apply and remove braces, how to open and close doors of different types, how to light and smoke a cigarette, how to get into and out of an automobile and all the other activities which an able-bodied person does all day long without thinking about them but which present difficult problems to the disabled.

"Can you tie your shoes with one hand? If you had only one arm you would have to learn to do it. That is an example of the things the Auxiliary Volunteers help disabled veterans learn to do.

"Walking on crutches may look simple, but there are seven different crutch gaits, each best suited for a different type of disability. Tonight Dr. Herbert Kent is conducting a special class for fifteen Auxiliary Volunteers to teach fitting, adjustment and use of crutches of different kinds. Just like the professional staff we have to keep studying to keep abreast of progress.

"In addition to the fifty hours of indoc-

trination and orientation training, Volunteers assigned to the medical rehabilitation work require special training which is given by Dr. Kent. First a lecture explaining the general purpose and problems of the work. Then a training film is shown demonstrating the various types of service the Volunteer will be giving. The third step is a study of a special chart which covers 80 activities of daily living in which the Volunteers instruct the patients."

Reports like Mrs. Brown's show how the Veterans Administration gains from its common sense plan of "putting the girls to work," as do the hospitalized veterans.

Dr. K. A. Carroll, manager of the big Hines VA Hospital just outside of Chicago, recently wrote to National Auxiliary headquarters. Said Dr. Carroll: "... At this hospital 310 women of the Auxiliary render 1,976 hours of work a month. ... With profound gratitude we acknowledge their excellent work ... and our indebtedness to the women of The American Legion Auxiliary of Illinois for their participation in our Feeding Program, Surgical Dressings Program, Blood Bank Project and many other programs of this hospital. ... In behalf of the patients and the hospital personnel I wish again to sincerely thank The American Legion Auxiliary for their untiring efforts on behalf of our hospitalized veterans. ..."

D. C. Firmin, manager of the VA hospital at Wood, Wisconsin, prepared a summary of the services offered by the Legion Auxiliary there. His fact-crammed evaluation is a tersely written list of services 2,000 words long. The 3,000 veteran patients of the same hospital recently dedicated an entire issue of their hospital newspaper, *The Wood Tattler*, to the work of the Auxiliary there under the chairmanship of Mrs. Elsie Anderson. There were enough roses and bouquets in that issue of *The Wood Tattler* to make any of the girls blush.

Underlying the statements of the hospital managements and patients alike is the theme that professional medical treatment of the finest sort is not enough for the well being and early recovery of men confined to beds far from home and depressed by handicaps and illness. It brings to mind National Legion Commander Erle Cocke, Jr.'s explanation of why he went on a national tour in 1945, selling War Bonds from a stretcher. Riddled by Nazi bullets, he had lived only by an unexplained miracle, and continued to live only by the finest of medical care. "But if I'd stayed in the hospital it would have killed me. I had to get out," he has said many times. There are just too many minutes to the year in a hospital bed that doctors and nurses, pills and medicine cannot fill.

Within three years of the formation of VAVS our Volunteer Workers had advanced well into many of the specialties that hasten recovery and occupy the patients beneficially.

In 1949, Rosella J. Haines, a Volunteer Worker of Lawrence Wenell Unit of the Legion Auxiliary in Minneapolis, told how Volunteer Workers who specialize in Corrective Therapy were filling the minutes and hours with skilled attention at Fort Snelling VA Hospital, Minnesota.

"We have many kinds of patients in this hospital. Some are paraplegics—paralyzed

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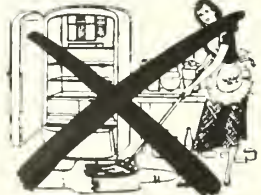
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on one side. Some are arthritics with gnarled fingers and hands badly deformed. We have different nerve diseases, brain tumors, Parkinson's disease and many others, including polio patients. Double amputees are also on the list.

"The duty of a corrective therapist is to exercise the fingers, hands and arms daily. We are supposed to work not less than fifteen minutes on each patient. Sometimes both hands, all fingers and both arms have to be exercised. Back massage is recommended to relax patients. I have learned to put on braces and adjust them.

"In our department of the hospital we have about forty patients and we have four American Legion Auxiliary women on duty every day to exercise these men. When we are not busy working at the bedside we type and copy medical records. Dinner for the men is at 11:30 a.m., and when the ward is shorthanded, I usually help feed the helpless.

"After my lunch hour I usually make the rounds, visiting the bedridden. Some are so helpless they can't hold a cigarette, so I hold the cigarette while they smoke. Others like to play cards, and I often play cribbage or gin rummy with them—or checkers. I read letters from home to those who can't see well and I also write letters for them.

"When the barber has failed to come I have shaved some patients with their electric razors.

"About 1:30 we start getting the fellows out of bed with the assistance of the orderlies, and rounding up the wheelchairs to bring them to the game room. The forty patients are divided into four groups according to their ability or disability. For an hour and a half each group plays games (we call it recreational therapy) such as throwing fruit jar rings or rope rings at a stake, throwing different sized weights into cans, or throwing balls at tenpins. We women assist with the games, keep score and award prizes.

"My day in the hospital runs from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. This year I have a total of 210 hours."

That was in 1949. Corrective therapy remains today one of the specialties in which VA is short-staffed.

A large part of the work of the Volunteers, particularly in the field of personal services to hospitalized veterans, finding contacts to solve individual problems, and the supplying of gifts, books and canteen coupons, as well as the poppy program, depends on the backing of all four million men and women of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary. There can never be too much of this kind of backing.

The job which our Volunteer Workers are doing must give every Legionnaire and Auxiliare a deep sense of pride in the Legion organization. Probably none of us will ever forget the report of the VA a year ago that during an entire year 17,000 mental patients in VA hospitals did not receive a single visit from friend or family. At least we have not forgotten. Nor have thousands of members of our Posts and Units who are not in the volunteer program, but who often make long trips and pilgrimages to visit and cheer the boys in the VA hospitals.

THE END

Meet the Champion Member Getters

(Continued from page 25)

and a member of Perry A. Johns Post, Corinth, Mississippi. McKewen's record: 518 members on June first.

Not all of these men are as optimistic as Murphy regarding the number of veterans who would join the Legion if they really knew the score. Their average estimate as to the size of Legion in an informed veteran population is 10½ million. Robert E. Miner, the most conservative, allowed for one million more Legionnaires than now. Four of the men estimated the potential Legion at more than 13 million.

They are expert witnesses in this matter. By June first this year these eight men had brought in 618 new members and 291 former Legionnaires who had let their membership slide, for a total of 899 who were not in the Legion in 1950. Added to that were 4,988 renewals of 1950 memberships attended to by these eight men for a grand 1951 total of 5,897.

Their methods of persuasion are all remarkably similar to T. J. Murphy's. Here is what they say about getting *new* members:

Duncan (1,001 members): "I explain what the Legion is doing for veterans nationally, and what our Post is doing for disabled veterans and for the community. I will see the same man ten times if necessary, and sign up practically all those I approach."

Eyler (892 members): "I will talk to a prospect at least twice, and I sign up about a third of them. I stress service to the sick and disabled veterans, the Americanism program, child welfare, and the benefits obtained by veterans through the efforts of the Legion in enacting legislation beneficial to veterans generally."

Wyman (613 members): "I invite prospects to attend a meeting of our Post. I never give up and sign up nearly every prospect. I explain child welfare, community service, benefits veterans have derived from action of the Legion, American Legion Junior Baseball, social affairs of our Post, and I show prospects *The American Legion Magazine*."

Pogliano (581 members): "I stress service and obligation to unfortunate comrades in hospitals and their dependents."

Miner (575 members): "I advertise Legion programs for the future and the past. I stress rehabilitation and child welfare and what the Legion does in these fields, as well as Legion sponsorship of the GI Bill for War II veterans, community service, Americanism, and strength of membership to protect veterans rights. I will see the same man at least five times and sign up at least one in three."

Sullivan (555 members): "I explain the working functions of the Legion — benefits and comradeship, social activities and our obligation to the disabled veterans and the widows and orphans of servicemen."

McKewen (518 members): "I explain child welfare and other benefits secured through Congress on the strength of The American Legion."

In view of the remarkable sameness of all these descriptions, it would seem that

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The American Legion Magazine • September, 1951 • 49

there is no substitute for detailed knowledge of the Legion's work in selling membership, and that veterans generally are ready to support the Legion's programs when they know what the programs are.

With the 1952 membership campaign on the horizon, it might make an interesting parlor game or Post discussion for Legionnaires to quiz themselves on their own knowledge of the Legion.

Possible questions and answers are endless, for the impact of the Legion on American life and institutions over the last 32 years is as broad and ramified as the panorama of the American scene itself. Below we offer a fundamental Legion quiz based on broad national policies and programs. Anyone wishing to extend such a quiz will find 358 pages of source material in Richard Seelye Jones' *A History of The American Legion*, published in 1946. Each Post could write its own quiz relating to the record of the Post itself.

Meanwhile, check your knowledge of the Legion against this brief quiz on broad national Legion programs:

Q. What is the Legion's service program for veterans and their dependents called?

A. The rehabilitation program.

Q. What is the standing of the Legion's rehabilitation program?

A. Largest and most influential in behalf of veterans in the nation.

Q. What are the main functions of the rehabilitation program?

A. (1) Free prosecution of veterans claims with the V.A. (Handles about 100,000 cases and spends half a million dol-

lars a year on national level, more on state and local levels.)

(2) Perpetual observation and study of treatment and needs of disabled veterans and their families. (Regularly inspects VA hospitals, finds aid for needy veterans' families, etc.)

(3) Leading advisor in nation to Congress and Administration on policies regarding veterans' benefits.

Q. Name at least five legislative acts or policies sponsored by the Legion in the field of rehabilitation, and explain briefly why the Legion sponsored them.

A. Here are seven. There are hundreds of others:

(1) The GI Bill of Rights. To reabsorb War II veterans back into the national economy and prevent the neglect of real veterans problems that, after War I, led to widespread want and unemployment among veterans and finally to the national bonus.

(2) Upward readjustment of service-connected compensation. To prevent compensation for disabled veterans from lagging too far behind inflation.

(3) Continued centralization of the administration of most veterans benefits in one government agency. To fix responsibility and minimize red tape and run-arounds in settlement of veterans claims, and to avoid expensive duplication in keeping veterans records.

(4) Adequate budget, staff and facilities for Veterans Administration. To assure that rights and benefits awarded veterans by Congress are not defaulted in their ad-

ministration or made null and void by insufficient appropriations to maintain them.

(5) Awarding wartime status to Korean veterans. So that they might not lose proper rehabilitation as result of fictitious national policy toward Korean war.

(6) A new GI Bill for Korean veterans (not yet provided). So that they may take their place in American life as productive, self-sufficient citizens on release from service.

(7) Constant readjustment of laws and regulations pertaining to veterans benefits. To maintain the spirit and intent of such benefits where individual cases reveal weaknesses in original laws and regulations.

Q. How many disabled veterans are there in the country?

A. There is no accurate census. The Veterans Administration listed 2,334,589 living veterans as eligible for compensation or pension last November. Nearly two million (1,991,509) had service-connected disability of 10% or more, of whom more than a million and a half were men and women of War II. Roughly 100,000 veterans have been hospitalized at any one time since War II, the majority of whom suffer from war injuries, psychiatric disorders, tuberculosis and chronic diseases.

Q. What has been the effectiveness of the Legion rehabilitation and legislative programs in achieving and maintaining adequate care and readjustment for these men?

A. Their treatment, care and readaptation has lagged behind Legion recommendations. Otherwise it has been practically

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a mirror image of Legion policy except for the Economy Act of 1933.

Q. What was the Economy Act of 1933?

A. An act rushed through Congress to curtail veterans benefits, under the title "An Act to Maintain the Credit of the United States Government."

Q. What was its effect?

A. It saved money, mostly by ejecting veteran patients from government hospitals (whose beds were speedily filled by newly-created categories of government patients), and by reducing or eliminating service-connected compensation. The effect on disabled veterans was misery, impoverishment, dejection and a number of suicides. The dollar "saving" was chiefly \$157 million knocked off of compensation to the war-disabled — the equivalent of \$1 for each \$1,639 of the present national debt. Thus was the credit of the United States government "saved."

Q. How do such things happen?

A. Pressure to reduce veterans benefits — either directly or by breaking up or hamstringing the VA — is constant in Congress. The influence of the Legion furnishes the main deterrent to reduction in adequate care for the disabled, and also furnishes the chief moral support for sympathetic Congressmen in the face of other pressures.

Q. For what reason would anyone want to reduce care for disabled veterans?

A. Judging from the consistent pattern of attack, still continuing, it appears to be a distaste for paying for something after it has already been possessed and used.

Q. What else does the Legion do in rehabilitation besides championing the care and readjustment of the disabled?

A. The rehabilitation program merges with the child welfare program and the economic program to remedy hardships of families of war-disabled and war-dead.

Q. How?

A. In several large areas. The economic program concerns itself with employment of veterans. The child welfare program with relief and aid to hardship cases among children and orphans of veterans. The rehabilitation program with compensation to such families and service in prosecuting their claims.

Q. Do all these programs deal with veterans and their families to the exclusion of others?

A. With the exception of direct government and Legion obligation to veterans, the Legion's greatest emphasis in humanitarian work is directed toward softening conditions that create hardships for all people.

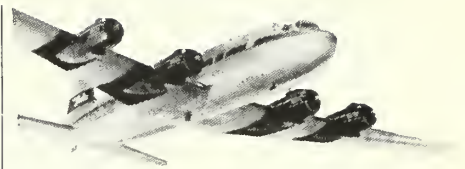
Q. Give an example in the field of child welfare, showing how Legion action succors not only veterans' children, but all needy children.

A. Direct service to veterans' children is rendered by thousands of local Legion child welfare committees, and since 1925 the Legion has secured more than \$80,000,000 in emergency aid in child hardship cases in the families of veterans and servicemen. Source of funds: Legion, Auxiliary, 40 & 8, and 8 & 40 funds, dues, etc., plus income from \$5,000,000 child welfare and rehabilitation fund raised by public subscription in 1925 and since increased to \$7,000,000 by addition of Legion funds, plus aid obtained from various private and public agencies in behalf of child hardship cases.

In addition, major effort of the Legion in child welfare has been directed toward creating proper welfare agencies for all child hardship cases. Largely through Legion legislative effort, more than two-thirds of counties in nation now have welfare agencies.

Legion secured recent Social Security credits for war service which has been a tremendous boon to war widows with children. In addition, Legion legislative program supported 1950 increase in Social Security benefits, adding to security of all widows with children.

Legion has been leading service organization in country in attack on rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease — most destructive disease of children. In 1948, Legion and Auxiliary granted \$50,000 to Rheumatic Fever Council of American Heart Association. Minnesota Legion Department established half-million dollar fund for university rheumatic fever work. Posts, Departments and National organization, plus all levels of Legion Auxiliary,



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maintain continuing child welfare program.

Q. Give an example of Legion service in the field of employment which aids veterans and others.

A. Legion economic program supports preference for veterans in federal employment, with most preference for the disabled, widows, etc. Legion annually champions Congressional appropriation for continuance of Veterans Employment Service which, in conjunction with state employment services, has placed tens of thousands of veterans in private employment each month over the last six years. Legion-sponsored GI Bill vastly increased employability of millions of veterans through its education and training aspects.

In addition, Legion has its own program of study and education to eliminate unreasonable prejudice against employment of all disabled people; supports work of President's Committee on the Employment of the Handicapped in this field; supports maintenance of veterans employment program in Civil Service Commission, one of whose major programs is actually the proper placement of the disabled—whether veterans or not—in federal employment.

Q. What does the Legion mean by Americanism?

A. The creed of the American people, as written in the Declaration of Independence when the American people established their own independent society; and its implementation as written into the Constitution of the United States.

Q. What does the Legion do about Americanism?

A. Three basic things. (1) Seeks to thwart foreign aggressions such as have, three times in the lives of Legionnaires, taken the blood and the lives of American servicemen. (2) Seeks to provide a wholesome atmosphere in which American youth can grow into a responsible citizenry. (3) Encourages serious study by American youth into the nature, problems and history of their country.

Q. How does the Legion seek to thwart foreign aggressions aimed at America?

A. (1) Supports a policy of national strength great enough to discourage aggressions.

(2) Exposes, and supports exposure of, subversion of American life, security and values, whose aim or effect would be destruction of American constitutional government or betrayal of American security.

Q. How does the Legion promote a wholesome atmosphere for American youth?

A. By direct sponsorship of thousands of local programs and several national programs which divert youthful imagination and energy into satisfying organized and supervised activities. Largest is Junior Baseball program, providing organized team play in summertime baseball for roughly a million American boys each summer, 300,000 of whom are registered in national competition. The Legion through its Posts, ranks second to the Methodist Church as the largest sponsor of Boy Scout troops in the nation. Local Legion programs, far too numerous to list fully, embrace millions of American youth in such things as organized social programs, rifle clubs, bands and drum corps, soap box derbies, model airplane clubs, etc.

Q. How does the Legion sponsor serious

study by youth of the nature, problems and history of America?

A. Through the awarding of prizes for academic achievement to school children, and through the awarding of scholarships. Through the National Oratorical Contest for high school students, with college scholarships of from \$500 to \$4,000 awarded for best presentations on subject of United States Constitution (this year there were 350,000 youthful contestants).

Through constant examination of school curricula for adequate courses on American history, government and society.

Through sponsorship of Boys States in

WALLY



(From May, 1938 A.L.M.)

which boys convene to conduct miniature governments.

Q. What does a Legionnaire get for his dues?

A. The satisfaction of supporting all Legion programs, local, state and national.

The opportunity, if he pleases, to work in one or more of the Legion's programs.

Use of the facilities of his Post, and participation in social functions of his Post.

The right to attend all Post business meetings, to speak at Post meetings under parliamentary rules, to hear official reports of the Post, to cast one vote on each Post resolution, one vote for each office of the Post at annual elections, one vote for choice of delegates — and instruction of delegates — to district and state conventions.

The right to run for any elective office in the Legion.

Twelve issues of *The American Legion Magazine*.

Q. How far removed is the individual Legionnaire from the actions of the national convention?

A. He is twice removed. Delegates to state and district conventions, which he elects and instructs, elect and instruct delegates to the national convention. Resolutions passed by his Post for national attention are acted upon at higher levels by the delegates he elects and instructs.

These are some of the things that T. J. Murphy, Paul Duncan, Ellis Eyler and the other top member-getters of the nation explain to veterans and thereby achieve their remarkable records.

THE END

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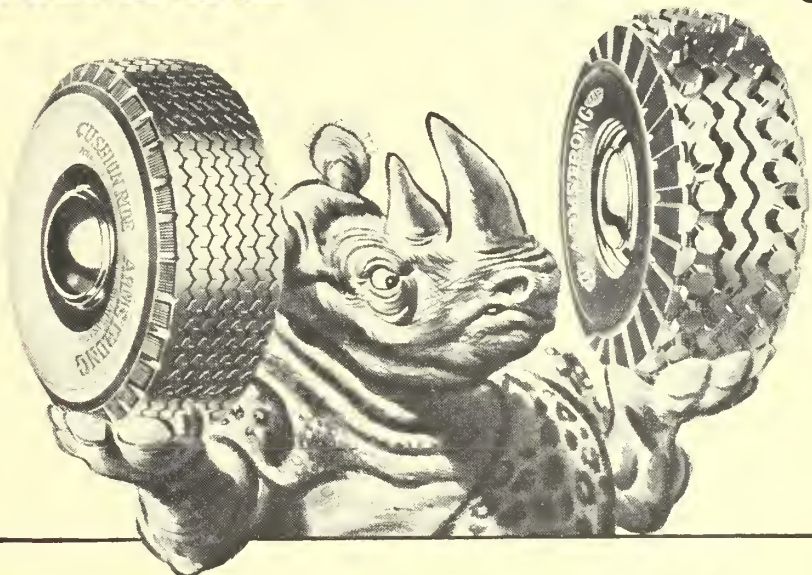
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Report from Korea

(Continued from page 16)

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Korea, nevertheless, has been as rough as any war, and rougher than most in some respects. For proof, look to the casualty figures. Compare them to the number of men committed.

No matter how you slice it, Korea has been the infantry's war. The foxhole habits have "had it" from every angle. You might arbitrarily slice off 5 percent of the suffering, and say that the slice belonged to units other than the infantry. Probably you sliced too much. Think, then, of this war from the unfortunate vantage point of the ground-pounder.

Veterans of World Wars I and II (WWI vets have not been in Korea in force, but then, who has, other than the Chinese?) have been able to compare this war against others, and with authority. They will cede few points to the "You shoulda been . . ." conversationalists. One argument they might decline would be over the relative merits of their Korean enemies and those of other wars.

Most vets feel that the Chinese do not stack up as equals of the Germans or Japanese. The forgotten foe, the North Korean communists, were regarded as a brutal force. Their savagery probably surpassed that of any army in history. They were unrelenting, tenacious and clever. But they were whipped.

The Chinese managed to hold their ground by virtue of numerical superiority and little else. Had they been in no larger force than the North Korean army, they probably would have been slugged into submission soon after they crossed from southern Manchuria.

Two- or three-war infantrymen are convinced that they could not have stood up so well against the Germans or Japs as they have against the Chinese. Leathernecks of the 1st Marine Division, for instance, generally feel that had the enemy of Chosin Reservoir been Japs, the Marines never would have staged their defiant and successful battle to the sea. They believe that the Japs, instead of hammering at all units of the extended division, would have centered their drive somewhere south of the reservoir, along the escape route, where Marines at no point were strong enough to withstand a determined assault in such awesome numbers as the Chinese were able to muster. Had that occurred, and had major Chinese units occupied certain strategic points, such as Koto-ri Pass, it is unlikely that more than a few small groups of Marines could have reached Hungnam. As it happened, the Chinese struck at the Marines over a 40-mile "front" and were never able to overwhelm the Americans.

The Chinese is a curious military specimen. Iron discipline is possibly his strongest point, yet the advantages gained thereby are often wasted, from an American viewpoint. Sending hundreds or thousands of men directly into a torrent of fire many times is the sole strategy behind a Chinese attack. Such an attack must necessarily be backed with rigid discipline and almost foolish courage, if it is to succeed at all. A good share of the time, such attacks have failed, at fearful cost to the communists.

This Oriental disregard for human life

has been one of the reasons behind recurrent reports that Chinese are sometimes "doped up" when they attack. An American, watching waves of reds march unconcernedly through blanketing artillery fire, sometimes can explain the action in no other terms than to say that "the gooks must have been doped." Actually, there has been no confirmation of this oft-repeated rumor. Some Chinese have appeared to be drunk when attacking, but as most doctors will tell you, it is unlikely that officers could control doped men. Nor have drugs been found on prisoners, other than those normally carried by medics.

Marines and GI's have grown accustomed to the wild assaults—as accustomed as one can become to such harrowing scenes—but in the early weeks of the Chinese attack they were more than amazed many times to see Chinese walking blithely along ridge lines within easy rifle range, or marching slowly toward American guns, seldom running, never crawling, but acting more like men out for an afternoon stroll than soldiers going into combat.

The communists' proclivity toward night attacks caused Americans to make lavish use of trip flares, wishing at the same time that they had been more thoroughly trained in night fighting tactics. Mortars and artillery have tossed up enough star shells and parachute flares at times to keep an entire sector constantly bathed in light. Huge searchlights have been used effectively, as well. When using the searchlights, which generate 800-million candlepower, the beams generally are played against the clouds, but at times they are aimed directly across the battlefield.

Unhappily enough, Americans admit that Chinese Intelligence is marvelous. On more than one occasion, Chinese prisoners have been able to identify every UN regiment in the line. To their credit, and to the Americans' disgust, the Chinese usually selected the ROK Army units in the line of their major points of assault, and the Yanks have cursed the volatile ROKs often for disintegrating and opening up other UN units' flanks. The unpredictable South Korean troops have constituted one of the GI's most dependable whipping posts.

Even more unhappily, Marines and GI's have at one time or another commented in fiery fashion about their own G-2's abilities. A notable instance was the November debacle, when most front-liners knew the Chinese were in it, and in strength, but GHQ, Tokyo, apparently did not. Hence, when a small task force was sent to the Yalu and Divisions were over-extended in unbelievable fashion, the foot-sloggers growled often and wondered what the hell. When the Chinese came out of the mountains from all sides, the infantrymen were furious. They felt, justifiably, that they had been let down all the way. General MacArthur's belated explanation that "a reconnaissance in force" was necessary did little to assuage flashing tempers in the line.

The defeat in North Korea was a major morale-buster, one among several. Morale has been up and down the scale with such frequency and to such extremes that many an American feels he is familiar with every

possible category of spirit. He fought against tremendous odds while he was manning the old Pusan perimeter, and he did the same in North Korea. For a while, he was certain that he was fighting for time, so that his country might ready itself. When the country had had what time he figured was sufficient, and had not backed him up with forces he considered necessary and available, he became pretty suspicious of intentions.

When the war reached the "yo-yo" stage, he lost sight of any clear-cut objective he may have had, and sometimes he wondered if it really was worth fighting hard for that next hill, when all it meant was going on to the next hill, and the next, until he was hit hard, at which time he was ordered to withdraw. A war of attrition makes sense in some quarters, obviously, but to the frontliner the nature of the campaign was open to question. The U.S. trooper never has been able to work up a full-blown hatred against the Chinese, anyway. Try as he may, he must look hard before he can find strong motivation. He knows that, basically, communism is threatening him. Who can blame him if he sometimes believes he was the only one who saw the threat? He has not forgotten that no new Division appeared in Korea on his side after October.

He registered a few squawks about weapons, too, but not too loudly. He has encountered a tremendous variety of weapons, and in that respect, his war has differed from others. He himself has relied mainly on the old standbys: M-1 rifle; Browning automatic rifle; light and heavy .30 caliber machine guns, and the .50 caliber machine gun; and 60-mm and 81-mm mortars. He has a few new additions to his arsenal: A stepped-up carbine, the M-2; a heavier mortar, the 4.2-mm; the 75-mm and 105-mm recoilless rifles. If he has learned nothing else, the line trooper does know that Korea has been anything but the push-button war he read about between conflicts. He's doing business at a new

stand, but with virtually the same wares.

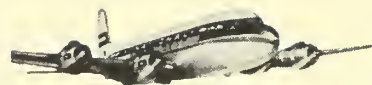
On the other hand, he has run up against what he might sometimes feel convinced is every type of small arms weapon ever made. The Chinese assault doctrine requires that troops be armed with weapons which will produce as much firepower as possible, are easily carried and operated. Accuracy is not the first requisite. Automatic weapons, therefore, become all-important. The swift-spitting "burp" gun (Russian 7.62-mm Shpaghin) and the U.S. Thompson sub-machine gun are commonly found in all units. Most of the latter were picked up by the communists from Nationalist troops and from the Shanghai police.

The Chinese also are armed with their copies of the Tommy gun, the U.S. M-3 "grease-gun," and the Australian Sten. Chinese communist forces think highly of these weapons. They seldom jam, are simple to operate and emit tremendous fire.

Other weapons carried by the CCF include: Maxim machine guns; Johnson rifles; Browning automatics; Japanese Arisaka and Russian carbines; German Mausers and Chinese copies; Czech, Belgian and Russian rifles; British Bren and Czech BRNO (Bruno) automatic rifles; and Mauser pistols.

The Chinese are notoriously poor marksmen with small arms and automatic weapons, but U.S. soldiers respect their use of mortars. The dreaded 120-mm mortar has gained as prominent a place among the hatreds of infantrymen as the dual-purpose German 88 held in WW II. The CCF also employs Russian 82-mm and 50-mm mortars, U.S. 81-mm and 60-mm mortars, as well as China's own 60-mm mortars.

Grenades are an essential Chinese weapon, used as frequently by the Reds as by Americans. Chinese grenades, both fragmentation and concussion, are pull-ignited, and are generally carried all the way around the waist in wide belts. They are not regarded too highly, particularly the stick or "potato-masher" type. These are easy to throw, but a nuisance to carry. Difficulty is



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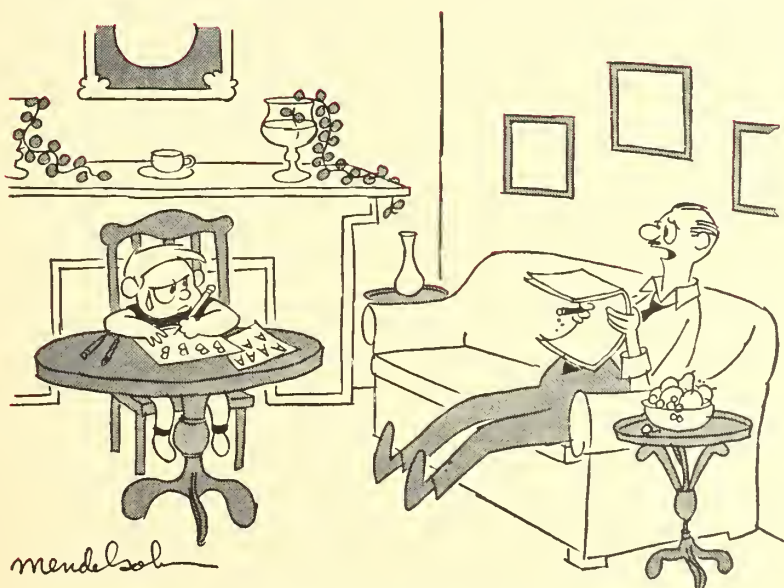
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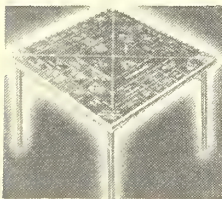
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encountered in removing the caps at the handle ends; the caps must be unscrewed in order to reach the pull string.

The variety of weapons carried by a Chinese company is always surprising. No one unit can be counted upon to come up with a standard weapon, all of which has led Americans to speculate over how the inevitable logistical and ordnance problems are licked.

Since the CCF arsenal includes a good many weapons used by UN troops, it is not always possible to identify the enemy merely by the sound of gunfire. This can lead to dangerous confusion, as the writer discovered during a blinding snowstorm on Koto-ri Pass. Attempting to overtake a rifle company, the writer followed a shortcut, which, sadly enough, led into "Indian country." This became apparent when a U.S. carbine to the right opened fire, and was answered immediately from the left by another U.S. carbine. Before the writer could slide down the mountainside out of the line of fire, Browning automatic and M-1 rifles had begun firing from either side. It was not until a Maxim machine gun to the left opened fire that one team could be distinguished from the other. Practically the only good thing to come out of the conglomeration of enemy weapons is that souvenir specialists are afforded a hunter's paradise.

The CCF has made generally limited use of artillery over the long run. The troops have heard projectiles whistle in from Russian self-propelled 76-mm and Chinese 76-mm mountain howitzers, and from 75-mm and 105-mm howitzers. On occasion, too, they have heard their own artillery pieces hammering away at them. The reds have managed to capture and use a significant number of U.S. weapons, although American prisoners who have escaped from their Chinese captors have reported that the CCF usually sent captured artillery northward at once. One U.S. Division has abandoned and lost to enemy action so many weapons and vehicles that other units have maliciously named the unit the "Chinese Quartermaster."

Another threat most Americans at first thought they would face was disease. Many let their layman's imagination run wild in pursuit of the fascinating array of "exotic" diseases to be found in the Far Eastern cesspool that is Korea. If they expected dire results in the form of raging epidemics, however, they were pleasantly surprised to find that preventive agencies pretty well had the situation in hand.

Smallpox, for instance, is endemic among Koreans, but the U.S. vaccination program has held the disease in almost complete check. By the early summer of 1951, no U.S. Division had reported more than three or four smallpox cases. Malaria was a nagging haunt for many men who had fought in such malaria-ridden locales as the Solomon Islands and North Africa, but it has not shown up as a threat.

Encephalitis (inflammation of the brain), cholera, plague, dengue, leprosy, and round and hook worms are known in Korea, but have not been cause for alarm. Frequent vaccinations, wide use of DDT, and personal cleanliness have combined to defeat most diseases. Keeping troops away from civilians except when prevented by the

tactical situation has contributed to the absence of disease among soldiers, too.

Just how severe a toll typhus fever, smallpox and other diseases have taken of communist forces has not been established. Doctors who accompanied patrols deep into enemy territory reported that the enemy suffered intensely from typhus fever particularly, and from smallpox and tetanus. North Korean civilians have added their voices to these claims. On the other hand, some medical men believe that the so-called racial immunity of the Chinese and North Koreans probably reduced the chances of any wide-spread epidemics.

WALLY



(From December, 1935 A.L.M.)

While venereal disease is extremely common among the natives, VD has presented no great problem to U.S. forces. No sudden rise in morality is responsible. The more logical reason seems to be that Korean maidens are so unattractive to the average American that he has little urge to risk exposure.

Any improvement, any nicety, however slight, in his day-to-day routine is appreciated beyond reason by the long-suffering infantryman. Veterans of other wars, then, can look back disgustedly on the weird mélange of combat rations issued earlier, and be grateful for the C-rations of today.

Today's "Charlies" are far superior to the C- and K-rations of WW II. The menu includes fruit cocktail, sliced peaches, beans and frankfurters, sausage patties, hamburgers, ham and lima beans, cocoa, coffee, soluble milk—these and other items add up to a versatile diet which far excels the stodgy meals Uncle Sam previously set before his hungry fighters.

Men find fault with the "Charlies," of course. The cartoon which carries a day's ration is too bulky. Varied as it is, it cannot possibly satisfy everyone. Nevertheless, when a one-war soldier growls about the chow, his more experienced comrades will remind him that things could be worse. The five-in-one and ten-in-one rations, by the way, which were probably the tastiest rations ever produced, have virtually been discarded. They are too heavy and cumbersome for troopers to carry over Korean mountains.

The mountains—and Korea seems to be nothing but mountains—have been the bane of the infantryman from the outset. The tight valleys, soggy rice paddies, scores of streams and rivers, and mountains have been nightmares come true, for the infantry, for the engineers, for truck drivers, tank crews, for everyone. Korea offers

what is probably the worst terrain Americans have ever fought over. From Pusan to the Yalu, mountain ranges criss-cross the peninsula, and streams and rivers thread through the valleys to present eternal barriers. Engineers have maintained Korean roads that, in the U.S., would pass at best only as back country lanes. They have had to slash defiles through ridges the length and breadth of the peninsula, and to build hundreds of bridges. Imagine a lower version of the Rocky Mountains, equipped with rice paddies, and you have an honest picture of most of Korea.

That the UN effort has not collapsed entirely from immobility is a timeless tribute to the engineers. And that infantrymen have not collapsed entirely from continual mountain climbing is a timeless tribute to their stamina and guts, as well as being one of the strongest arguments against the criticism that American troops are too soft. If they were soft when they arrived, they toughened quickly, or died. True, many units were long in learning that in order to survive they had to travel the high ground, but after a series of bloody ambushes, they learned well.

The infantryman was eternally beset by extreme weather conditions. Summertime

can be a brutal thing, where men collapse in the attack, or fall during a march, suffering heat exhaustion. The winter is crueler still. Those who fought in North Korea in November and December will remember always the agonizing cold from which none could escape. The best parkas and shoe-pacs the quartermaster could supply were far from adequate. Standing gun-watch during those fearful months was minute after minute of absolute torture. At night, a man would struggle into his sleeping bag (parka underneath), wearing long johns, woolen pants and a shirt, a sweater or two, two or three pairs of woolen socks, and even a blanket wrapped around him, and still he usually shivered all night.

Those are among the chief reasons why other campaigners at home, who never saw Korea, who never fought against such huge odds, who never attacked and withdrew, attacked and withdrew until they knew the ground like the inside of their mouths, and who never fought such a shoe-string war, should not belittle the Korean vet's accomplishments, or tell him "he shoulda been" in another battle. All things considered, there never was a tougher American war, from 1776 to 1951.

THE END

Most Popular Weapon: the Scattergun

(Continued from page 19)

game, it has no equal. It has another accomplishment to its credit which few seem to realize: It made the shotgun manufacturers turn out a lighter, shorter-barreled shotgun that was bored to provide a wider shot pattern. Such a gun provided better scores not only on the skeet layout, but in the field.

After one round of skeet the novice shooter learns there is much more to wing shooting than the mere pointing of a gun. He learns that stance—the position of his feet and body—is of major importance. He also learns that to hit a moving target he must shoot, not at it, but ahead of it. Also, he learns how to "mount" his gun for split-second accuracy. In trapshooting the shooter is permitted to put the gun to his shoulder, snuggle his cheek against the stock, line his eye up on the line of sight and be in physical readiness for the target. In skeet the stock of the gun must show under the shooter's arm until the target appears. Until he has learned to "mount" the gun rapidly he cannot hope to run up good scores at the game.

Today there are several events in skeet, one for the 12-gauge shooters, another limited to the 20-gauge gun, another to the 28-gauge, and still another to the .410. This is one form of handicapping, for the smaller bored guns take more accurate holding.

In the course of one round of skeet, with its seven positions around the rim of the half-circle and one in the center, directly between the two trap houses, the shooter must show proficiency at breaking targets that are thrown at him from almost every angle, and several from behind. It was this factor that made the game so important in aerial gunnery training. With these small, fast targets whizzing past at approximately 50 feet per second, there is a premium on speed as well as accuracy.

Since the advent of skeet as a shooting

game, there has been something of a battle between its followers and the enthusiasts of the older scattergun pastime—trapshooting—as to which game is more difficult. A glance at the diagrams will provide a good picture of the problems encountered by the participants in both sports. Although the trapshooter is not faced with as many "angle" shots, his targets normally are broken at longer ranges. Trapshooters point out that longer "straight runs" (more targets broken in succession) have been made at skeet than at trap, which would indicate that the latter is tougher. They also explain that while the skeet shooter knows the exact angle each target will take, the trapshooter does not know where (within a ninety-degree arc) his target will be thrown.

Skeet shooting on a calm day is one thing, but with a strong or gusty breeze blowing many an enthusiast has ended up a round on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The wind can do weird things to that clay saucer, making it hop at unexpected points along its course, and at times causing it to soar in a steep climb. I watched some youngsters take laurels away from some veteran skeet shooters at a large Eastern meet, all because of a gusty wind during the last two rounds of the finals. The youngsters, with the resilience of youth, could adjust more quickly to the erratic target flight than the old-timers, whose reflexes had been slowed down by the years.

Shotgun shooting, as a result of the many and varied games that have been dreamed up by the scattergun enthusiasts, is no longer a seasonal activity. In addition to trap and skeet there are a number of games that are "played" by these shooters. While the cost of some of these lay-outs is prohibitive for the average individual, many of the larger but inexpensive clubs have

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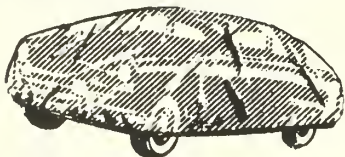
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managed to provide them at prices any shooter can afford.

The so-called "quail walk" is an example. A path is laid out for a dozen yards, leading up to a sunken trap house. At every yard a numbered marker is placed alongside the path. The shooter walks up this path and the "operator" springs the trap at one of the numbered points. The shooter does not know when the target will emerge during the course of his walk. The operator varies the number at each "walk" until the shooter has fired twice from each numbered position. This can be further complicated by having two targets thrown from each position. Another such "quail walk" is laid out by placing hidden traps at various points along a path, and throwing the targets as the shooter walks. A fence, a big log, or a pile of brush can be placed at intervals along the path, and the target thrown as the shooter is getting over these obstacles.

One club I know has a "woodcock walk," which is one of the most interesting layouts I ever saw. The path winds through a dense alder thicket, and the "birds" flush out through almost invisible lanes, and without warning. The course calls for 12 shots, and the shooter who can "kill" eight of the 12 does not have to worry about his reaction time or his eye.

There's even a form of trap shooting for the shooter who prefers to be alone. Here all that's necessary is an inexpensive hand-trap and some clay pigeons. The hand-trap enables one man to throw his own birds and shoot on a relatively small plot of ground. If there are two shooters it's even easier, since they can take turns working the trap and shooting.

Some bird hunters like to work out with the hand trap before the season begins because it permits them to simulate the varying flights of the different game birds. In this way the bird can be thrown to skim the ground, go straight up or make the ordinary gradual rise seen on the skeet range.

Many novices to all forms of the shooting game, whether those of the simulated variety or the actual hunting of upland game or waterfowl, discover this sport has more pitfalls than they realized. The idea that you can walk into a sporting goods shop, pull a shotgun out of a rack, pay the required price, then become an accomplished wing shot after a few rounds of skeet or trap, has resulted in much disillusionment. Shotgun shooting, unfortunately, is not that simple. Few beginners even realize the importance of shotgun "fit," yet it is this very thing that determines the pleasure a shotgun can provide.

If every shooter had the same physical proportions this problem would not arise, but God made men with long necks, short necks, medium necks, and at the same time mixed up the length of their arms. When a shotgun is snapped quickly to the shooting position, the shooter's cheek should fit snugly against the stock and the barrel should be lined up with his eye. If he must hunch his shoulders, constrict his neck, stretch his arm, or lower his head abnormally, he cannot hope to shoot quickly, accurately, or with anything approaching ease.

The inexpensive shotgun is turned out

in "standard" specifications. In brief, it is expected to fit the majority. If you invest a lot of money in a gun, the chances are the shop will have a "try-gun," and by adjusting the gun the attendant can determine the exact amount of *pitch, drop, and pull* required to fit your physical proportions. This does not mean that only shooters with \$400 to \$1,000 to spend on a gun can be assured of getting one that fits. Any good gunsmith can so alter the standard gun that it will fit just about as perfectly as the "custom" job. This may add from \$15 to \$20 to the cost of the gun, but this extra money will prove the best investment a shooter can make.

The mere fact that a man can break 23 out of 25 at skeet or trap does not mean he can take to the field with an experienced wing shot and give him a run for his money. Field shooting has many elements that no form of artificial shooting can duplicate. The game bird, whether quail, pheasant, grouse or duck, does not follow a constant vertical or horizontal plane, but varies these angles at whim.

A matter which seems to be a great mystery to the novice is that of the "boring" of shotgun barrels. There are three general borings, *cylinder, modified choke, and choke*, with slight variations of each. Choke, in a barrel, is nothing more or less than a constriction in the diameter of the tube at the muzzle, and the result is an accurate description of the term itself. The pellet mass is "choked down" to confine the spread of these pellets—or their "pattern," as it is called—for a longer range. The less "choke" the wider or more spread out the pattern of shot.

If you are shooting skeet or upland game, where the average target is hit at from 25 to 30 yards from the muzzle, a wider pattern is desirable, so a "cylinder" boring is preferable. If you are shooting trap or at ducks, where the average target is hit at from 35 to 50 yards, you want to have your shot pattern conform as closely as possible to the pattern made by the cylinder boring at 25 yards. This is accomplished by a full "choke" boring. A shot pattern from a cylinder-bored gun is so spread out at 50 yards that a bird could fly through it untouched.

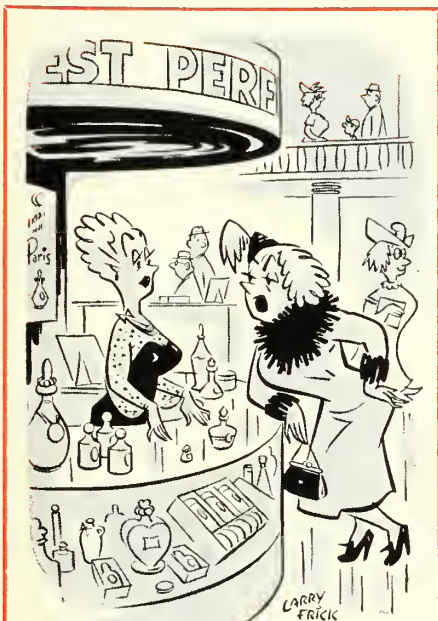
Gauge is another matter that has been subject to considerable misunderstanding. You may hear men claim that the 28 or .410 is a more "sporting" gun than the 12 gauge. Nothing could be wider of the mark. The most sporting gun you can use is the one that does the most efficient job for you. However, both gauge and boring should be fitted to the task to be performed.

The man who plans to spend most of his shooting hours in pursuit of upland game has several things to consider, including the *boring, weight, gauge and recoil* factors. As he will have to lug the gun over hill and dale, a light gun is preferable. As most of his shots are at short range, a 26-inch, cylinder-bored barrel is adequate. As either the 12, 16 or 20 gauge provide adequate shot patterns at this range, many find the 20 more desirable if only because of its lighter weight.

The "type" of shotgun is another matter for heated argument. Many shooters who do most of their shooting at trap or skeet prefer the autoloader or slide action guns,

especially since the invention of the patent compensator-choke devices. Such devices, in the form of tubes fitted to the muzzles of single-barreled guns, reduce recoil and permit the variation of the boring from cylinder to full choke. In some of these devices the boring is changed by the insertion of tubes, in others by the mere turning of a "chuck." You can shoot skeet, change the boring, and a minute later you have a trap gun. As most autos and slide action guns are three-shot guns, this extra shot endears them to some shooters.

Buck fever is not an ailment confined to the ranks of big game hunters, but is con-



"Have you anything that will get through to a guy with sinus trouble?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

tracted by quite a few scattergun shooters. I have seen some shooters exhibit as bad a case of nerves at the flushing roar of a grouse as I have seen come down with the ague when lining up the sights on a big buck. And not only the novice suffers from this malady. Only last fall I watched an old-timer thrust his gun at arm length and blast both barrels in the air when a pheasant flushed at his feet.

This can be very disconcerting to the others in the hunting party, and usually after such an occurrence you will note that the rest of the shooters exercise extreme care in walking **BEHIND** one of these nervous individuals. The majority of the hunting accidents, however, and their number is remarkably small considering the millions of shooters, is caused by men who put their faith in "unloaded" guns, or in the patent "safety" of their guns.

The average shotgun safety is merely a pin which blocks the pull of the trigger, but it does not prevent the hammer from falling if the gun is subjected to a shock. I have a friend who put complete faith in the safety on his gun until he sent it to a gunsmith for a periodic overhaul. A few days later the gunsmith telephoned to ask how long it had been since a gunsmith had taken down the action. My friend said it

had been about five years—or even more.

"Well," the gunsmith announced, "I hope you haven't depended on the safety during that period, for you haven't had one. Whoever had your gun apart the last time forgot to replace the safety bar."

My friend had a real attack of buck fever when he hung up, for there had been many occasions when he had waved that gun around, under the illusion that the safety was in good order.

The challenge and interest of shotgun shooting has brought on a tremendous increase in the ranks of scattergun enthusiasts during the past few years, and the expansion and variation of games such as skeet and trap has caused this interest to grow during a period which saw game decline. The substitute for field shooting originated a long time ago, and was initiated by a few Britons who wanted to enjoy shooting but were unable to afford the high prices charged for good shooting areas. Hunting in those days was not a right, but a special privilege. In 1790 these shooters made the first step in the long trek of trapshooting.

Live birds, usually pigeons, were released from a "trap" or box placed at ground level. The shooter, 12 to 15 paces from this trap, blazed away at the live target. This trap gave its name to the present spring catapult which now throws the clay target, and in some sections this target is called a "clay pigeon."

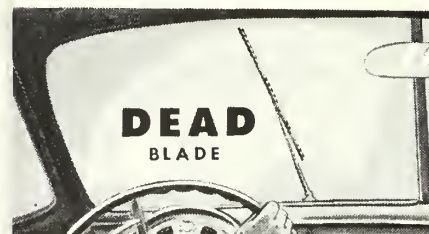
Live bird shooting was not introduced in this country until 1831, and the Sportsmen's Club of Cincinnati held the first trapshoot recorded in this country. Shooting at live birds was an expensive proposition, however, so about five years later a frugal Boston Yankee developed a new target in the form of a glass ball, thrown by a crude catapult. Even these targets were rather costly, especially when filled with feathers, soot, or smoke, and in 1880 the first practical clay target was evolved. This found immediate favor with those who had been blazing away at the glass, wood, tin or pressed paper targets that preceded it.

The new clay target (actually not of clay, but of pitch and silt) could be thrown with greater force, attained more speed, and more closely paralleled bird flight. The game now began to attract shooters by the thousands, and in 1885 the first big trapshooting tournament was held in New Orleans, and was sponsored by the National Gun Association. The Interstate Trapshooters Association followed, eventually to give way to the present Amateur Trapshooters Association, with headquarters at Vandalia, Ohio, scene of the annual Grand American Handicap, the winner of which wears the trapshooting crown. Skeet associations had a rather hectic career, but their group was reorganized a few years ago, and the National Skeet Shooting Association, with headquarters at Dallas, Texas, seems to have solved the problems which confronted these shooters.

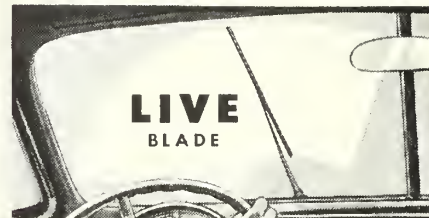
If you want to try your hand at either of these two games, but can't seem to locate a layout within reasonable distance of your home, a letter to either of the national associations will bring you a list of all affiliated groups in your area. One experience should do the trick. After that you will be like the rest of us—scattergun crazy.

THE END

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The Taming of Mr. Briscoe

(Continued from page 15)

He's always chirping about his Navy."

Then the Colonel was putting in a call for Pusan. When he hung up fifteen minutes later he laughed and said: "Either this bell-bottomed character gives Briscoe the business, or I have the laugh on this Admiral cousin of mine for the next ten years." He stared off into space. "For the first time in my life, I hope I lose."

I tried it again, but the Colonel growled. "Listen, buster. We get rid of that scourge and you can write your own ticket. That I mean."

What happened was that the Colonel had kidded the Admiral to ship him a fly-boy who might be able to give our Mr. Briscoe a little goofy competition. From what I could figure from the cryptic conversation, the Navy had a guy who would chase Briscoe down the nearest storm sewer. I couldn't see how that could be, but I was willing to be shown.

It was several days before this Lieutenant Alvin Sywell (which was his name) arrived on our field. No bigger than Mickey Rooney. He's round-faced, pink-checked and has thinning yellow hair. By now Briscoe looks like that guy Paul Bunyan who yanks trees up by the roots.

Naturally we write Mr. Sywell off. All he does for a couple of days is look for the coffee urn and read a book of poetry. Poetry, no less! He's supposed to check out on our F-80 job but he's in no particular hurry and argues that he has plenty of time on the Navy *Phantom* and he guesses he'll make out.

Once I asked him how many books he had knocked down out here.

He closed the book of poetry and says: "As a matter of fact, I've never even fired at one. I've never seen a red aircraft. The minute we take off," he added quietly, "they all seem to make a mass flight to Vladivostok."

I mean, that was his way of needling and he goes back to that poetry.

However, things begin to unscramble that night. As usual, Briscoe starts a crap game after dinner and Mr. Sywell just wanders by with that damned poetry book under his arm. He looks on like he's never seen dice rolling before and right off Briscoe starts needling the Navy guy about risking some of his flight pay. After Briscoe talked for about five minutes Sywell accepts Briscoe's invitation to fade him for the roll, which it turns out is 457 bucks.

That's all there was to that. In three rolls our Mr. Briscoe craps out and Mr. Sywell picks up the dough and fades off toward the bar. Briscoe just stands there shaking the dice like he's doped. In a minute he gets his breath and yells: "Hey, don't you want the dice?"

Over his shoulder Mr. Sywell says back: "What for? I got all your money, haven't I?"

I guess that was the first time anyone at 156 ever laughed at Briscoe. Our guy tosses the dice into a corner and goes after Sywell.

"Hey," he said when he caught up with him at the bar. "Maybe you don't know it, but a guy taking a wad like that don't

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just walk off and not give the others a chance to get it back."

"Okay," says Mr. Sywell pleasantly. "I faded you for \$457. I'll put it all down with my stake and you can fade me for \$914. That's even fairer, isn't it?"

Briscoe just gulped. "Some other time, buster. Right now I don't carry that sort of money. You kin buy me a drink — I need it."

"Sure," says the Navy boy. "I'll buy you all you can handle."

"Fair enough," Briscoe said while he tried to figure this newcomer. "And I'd like you to drink with me. You're a guy after my own heart. I'm gonna like you, chum."

However, by the time the barkeep was getting a tennis elbow, our Mr. Briscoe is literally under the table, making dull snorts and his legs are just quivering and he's out like a burned-out Mazda. Mr. Sywell is still up there putting the bourbon away and getting on with his poetry book. Didn't cost him more than forty bucks, either.

Well, sir, our Mr. Briscoe wasn't on his feet for the morning mission but Sywell goes on that show flying an F-80 for the first time. He did sneak off for half an hour of dry cockpit time, getting the feel of the starter equipment in case he gets a flame-out; and becoming acquainted with the position of the various instruments and gadgets—which is smart, because these fire-can jockeys have to fly these jets almost automatic.

I was out at the mobile control truck when they went off and I watch this Mr. Sywell take off like he'd been doing it since the siege of Vicksburg. Nothing smart or spectacular, you know. Just a clean, smooth take-off and I get to thinking that one day I might get back in a jet. He comes back, too, and when I ask Major Stark how the guy did he hardly remembers that Sywell went along. So at least the guy can stay in formation.

By dinner Briscoe is back in circulation, and of course he has to needle Sywell. The Navy guy takes it for a while, just munching his chow and once in a while looking up from his book.

Then all of a sudden Sywell pops off with: "You know that tunnel . . . it's a railroad tunnel up there toward the Chang-jin Reservoir?"

Briscoe just nodded.

"You ever do any skip-bombing?"

"You kin do it—I kin do it."

"They hide a lot of transport in that tunnel every day and they sneak it south at night," Sywell went on like he was reciting a piece from a technical paper. "It's best to hit it from this side."

"Hey, wait a minute!" Briscoe broke in.

"It's no use hitting it from the other end. The transport comes out this side."

"You must be missing a lot of marbles," argued our boy. "How you gonner get out when that mountain is almost straight up fer a coupler thousand feet right there?"

"If we skip-bomb this end," Sywell insisted, "we not only plug in last night's convoy, but we fix it for good."

Several of our guys went off holding their heads between their hands.

But then Briscoe was saying: "Okay, chum. You claim it can be done; you gotter show me. Like I said, you go in first. If the Navy can do it, Briscoe can do it standing on his head."

I made a bee-line for the Colonel's office. "Skip-bomb that railroad tunnel?" the Colonel went glassy-eyed. "From this end?"

"They can't do it. Be like trying to skip-bomb the entrance to Radio City. You can't pull out. Not even an F-80 could do that, sir."

"Maybe that Navy guy can," he said thoughtfully.

"You wouldn't even sanction such a mission, would you?"

"Let's put it this way. Suppose we cut a special order sending these two chumps

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By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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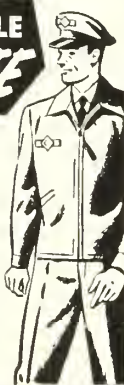
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out with a couple of big babies in the rack. Make out it's an idea to give our pilots an opportunity to develop initiative. I tell them they can attack any target of opportunity and if they should happen to come up with the screwy idea of skip-bombing a railroad tunnel—well, that comes under the head of initiative, doesn't it?"

"Oh brother!" I said and realized how a guy can get to be a colonel so easy. Also that I could be in Public Relations for the rest of my life.

That night orders came through about this phony initiative mission and strangely enough both Briscoe and Sywell are elected and given 500-pounders fixed up with delayed-action fuses—to distribute as they wished. I just hope they never hear about this at the Pentagon.

Well, let's get it over.

Major Stark was to lead the show and we talked it over in the briefing room before we jeeped out to the jets. Oh, I forgot to tell you, the Colonel sends me a chit saying I could go along—just this once, so I could see what took place and put it down in Air Force jargon—just in case.

"Okay, chum," Briscoe said as they climbed into the blitz buggy. "The deal is, you go down first and lob yours in. I give you time to clear and then I go. We work the south end of the tunnel, eh?"

Sywell must have fish-blood in his veins. "It's the only way you can get your money's worth," he said.

I felt so good being up there in formation and winding a control stick that I guess I forgot all about Briscoe and Sywell until we had completed a job on some gun sites the gooks were building up there on those high ridges. Major Stark stays up at the 6,000-foot level which is pretty dicey and we just cruise around and wait for the accident to take place. None of us figure we'll ever see Briscoe or Sywell again and already I'm wondering what sort of a report to fake for the Colonel's signature.

Next thing we hear Sywell needling Briscoe over the interplane radio, and needling him with some very fancy stitching, I may say. He's saying, "Come on, Briscoe. Nothing to it. I can see right through the tunnel if you're still worrying about pulling out. Maybe it *would* be safer to go on straight through."

Then we knew we were in for a panic. This Navy chump is figuring on flying an F-80 through that hole. I start some figuring too. The F-80 has a wing span of 38 ft. 9 inches. Let's say 40 feet or more with the wing tanks on, and this Sywell is promoting a little trip through that tunnel!

What a needler!

Anyway, they're both down there, hedge-hopping the landscape, which is none-too-well defined, and they're getting into position for the run-in. I'm so fascinated I almost clip Chubby Price's wing-tip.

Then Sywell starts his run and from where we sat it was clear no one could get in close enough to pull out to clear the face of that mountain. By now too, the gook guns are plastering the sky.

"So long, Sywell," I say to myself and then there's a hell of a splat of smoke and muck going up. I can't figure what happened. Sywell just seems to disappear!

Right away everyone starts jamming the

band and yelling for what's happened.

All we see there is another belch of smoke—but no Sywell. So we horse around getting lower and lower and we wait to see what happens to Briscoe.

But Mr. Briscoe checks out. Next thing we know he's back up with us sitting right there in formation with that big 500-pounder still hanging under his belly. We got Briscoe back but no Sywell.

Nobody says anything all the way back. We're actually feeling sorry for Mr. Briscoe.

When we hit home Mr. Briscoe waits until we're all down and then lands by himself, just in case he has any trouble with that bomb still hanging in his rack; which was pretty thoughtful of him. I mean, anything can happen, but he brought her in sweet and rolled her into the dispersal bay... and that was that.

We ask him what happened, but he

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knows nothing. He says Sywell just went in for his run and then there was a lot of smoke—white smoke—and no more Sywell. He didn't know whether Sywell went through or piled up against the face of the mountain. Anyway, Briscoe was a pretty solemn guy and we sensed that maybe Sywell did a job after all, even though he didn't come back.

But we were a little previous in writing Mr. Sywell off because fifteen minutes later he's buzzing the field and then comes in for a landing. I was one of the first to get out of the hardstand and give him a hail.



"Before we begin the evening, Mr. Howland, may I ask why everyone calls you Dutch?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"What happened to Briscoe?" he says first off. "I waited back there for him to come through."

We all gasped: "You mean you flew through that tunnel?"

Mr. Sywell tossed a casual finger toward his wing-tip.

Be-jees, he had! His wing-tip was dented on the port side and there was a scrape along the wing-tank that looked like it had been dragged past some wet rocks. We just stood there gaping like a lot of wet fish.

"Briscoe was right," Mr. Sywell was saying. "You just couldn't pull out. You had to go through."

I should have been satisfied that this Navy guy had spiked Mr. Briscoe's guns, but there was something about Sywell's grin that made me mad. I didn't like any of his story and I didn't like the color of the dirt he had in the rim of his nose wheel. It wasn't anything like the stuff we were using for a runway.

The others went back to the Operations shack but I made out I wanted to check with my crew chief about a sloppy aileron control. Instead, I checked with Pete Meakins, who had Mr. Sywell's ship to service.

Pete didn't like this Sywell character either. Pete guessed they were different in the Navy and maybe it was the way they were trained. If he gave an order, he never

explained why or anything like that; which was why Pete told me about Mr. Sywell taking a phosphorous bomb along as well as that 500-pounder. We just stood there rubbing our chins, smoking a couple of Pete's butts, and let it go at that.

I didn't catch up with Mr. Sywell until just before dinner. He was in the bar—still reading that poetry book. I went up and snapped the book shut nice and quiet. "Okay, Sywell. You did a sweet job on Briscoe. We of No. 156 thank you."

"Quite all right," Sywell says off-handedly and started fingering for his place in the book.

"It's just that we don't want any more tricks. You can't tell what a colonel might think of, seeing what you made them think you did."

Mr. Sywell raised his eyebrows a trifle. "Anything wrong?" he inquired.

"Yeh. You set it up sweet, eh? Only you didn't go through that tunnel."

"You saw my wing tip."

"Sure, I saw. I also saw muck on your nose wheel which says you landed somewhere before you came in. You landed and might have taken a wet rock and banged up that wing-tip and scraped off that wing tank. That you could have done, eh?"

"I could have," agreed Mr. Sywell.

"Here's the story," I went on. "First you dropped some delayed action smoke, maybe when you first looked over the run-in. Then you curl around and start the actual run-in, timing it for the pop of that phosphorous bomb. You start for the tunnel and maybe release that 500-pounder and disappear into the smoke. It covers your pull-up and the mist above that shrouds you all the way up. All we see is some smoke and mist. Briscoe can't see you either. He just sees smoke and figures you've had it. Come clean, chum."

"I'll buy you a drink," said Mr. Sywell, just like that.

"I'll take it . . . just to show there's no hard feelings. I just want you to know no Navy guy can make a monkey out of an Air Force guy like that. Maybe you straightened out Mr. Briscoe, but that's as far as it goes."

"You're too smart to be Public Relations," grins Mr. Sywell.

"I won't be after this, thanks to you."

"You're a pilot and you'll appreciate this," he went on. "I damn near didn't make it. Good thing I was flying an F-80. I was just trying to do a job for the Admiral, but I damn near didn't make it."

"As a straight skip-bomb job," I agreed, "it was a beaut!"

"Don't ask me to do it again, feller. I wouldn't do it again for a million. Not even to tame Mr. Briscoe."

The barkeep brought the drinks and we clicked glasses.

"You don't seem to be that sort of a guy," I said. "What gave you the idea?"

He nudged the poetry book over to me—only it wasn't poetry after all. I flicked the cover up and caught the title page. Wadderyer know? The guy had been reading *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen!*

"Some good stuff in that," said Mr. Sywell and gulped his drink.

"The guy was a piker," I said and grinned back at him.

THE END

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*From many weekends
Spent indoors,
I'd say that when it
Rains, it bores.*

— RICHARD ARMOUR

WHERE DO THEY HIDE THEM?

After a week had elapsed, a young wife reported a robbery and the claim adjuster arrived at her home to investigate.

"But why didn't you report the robbery at once?" he asked. "Didn't you suspect something when you came home and discovered all the bureau drawers pulled out and the contents scattered all over?"

"Why no, sir," replied the wife. "I thought that my husband had been looking for a clean shirt."

— F. G. KERNAN

PAGING THE OPS

When it comes to buying meat, the average housewife would like to see some choice cuts in prices.

— T. J. McNERNEY

BUREAUCRACY

The precinct captain of a ward in a large city made a trip to Washington to see his Senator about patronage for his work in an election.

"Senator," he said with a smile of confidence, "I came to get my job."

"But," objected the Senator, "there are no jobs open now."

"You promised me a job," reminded the worker.

"I know. Well, you see—" was the stuttering reply. Then the politician's face brightened with an idea. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll appoint a commission to investigate why there are no jobs and you can work on that."

— DAN BENNETT

GLOOM OF LIVING

*The more I read of current events,
The more it convinces me,
If the pessimist isn't happy now,
He's never going to be!*

— THOMAS USK

FUNCTIONS OF THE STEEL HELMET

The steel helmet is the most versatile piece of equipment in the soldier's repertoire. Among its many uses are as follows:

SEAT: Comes in handy on sustained marches or during impromptu field poker games. May be uncomfortable at first but contour of body will soon blend in with helmet.

WASH BASIN: In areas without running water helmet provides excellent means for washing, shaving, sponge bathing. Simple to drain. Just tip over.

COOKING VESSEL: Used primarily with coal stove. Remove stove lid and helmet fits conveniently in place. Hot water in a jiffy.

Caution: Helmet turns black. Keep hidden from C.O. May gig you for doing own housekeeping.

DIRT REMOVER: When digging latrine or fox-hole helmet can be used to remove loose dirt from excavation. Has high displacement average.

SHIP RECEPTACLE: Hang at head of bed while traversing stormy seas. Will save innumerable trips to rail.

MOSQUITO CATCHER: Ideal for catching elusive mosquitoes. Saves trouble of killing animal by hand. Confined to helmet for reasonable time, animal will perish from nausea.

As a secondary function the steel helmet may also be used when the enemy starts shooting. Merely place on head and wear.

— SIDNEY BRODY



"What do you mean, translate! Does this look like my shirt?"

SHORT ANSWER

A passenger aboard a steamboat asked the captain why they had stopped in midstream. "The fog is so thick that we can't see to proceed up-river," replied the captain.

"But captain," the passenger persisted looking skyward, "I can see the stars."

"Yes, madam," he replied patiently. "But unless the boilers bust, that ain't the way we're goin'."

— FRANCIS GERARD

KEEP THE FAMILY HOME

The vacation season is the time when Dad must decide whether two weeks on the sands are worth fifty on the rocks.

— MAURICE SEITTER

DOG IN THE MANGER

A dog — a vagrant, canine ranger, Ensnared himself within a manger Prepared to fight, with all his forces, Intruding cattle and/or horses. And did the hungry cows reprove him, Or nags seek, naggingly, to move him? Why, no, for you should be apprised That this here farm was mechanized. The moral? Times and mores change, And Aesop's dog tale has the mange; Today a dog, if he were mean, Would drink up all the gasoline.

— BERTON BRALEY



"That certainly wasn't a very kind thing to say about a dead motor!"

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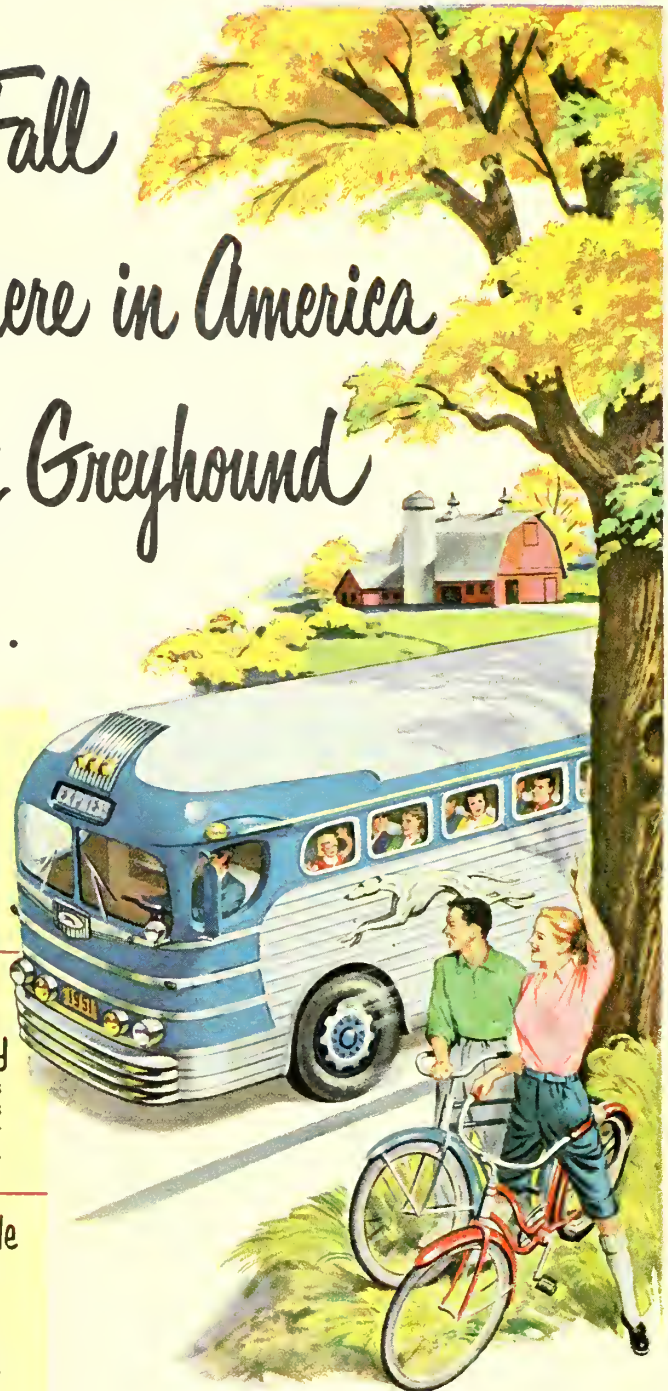
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